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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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JUNE 15 1907

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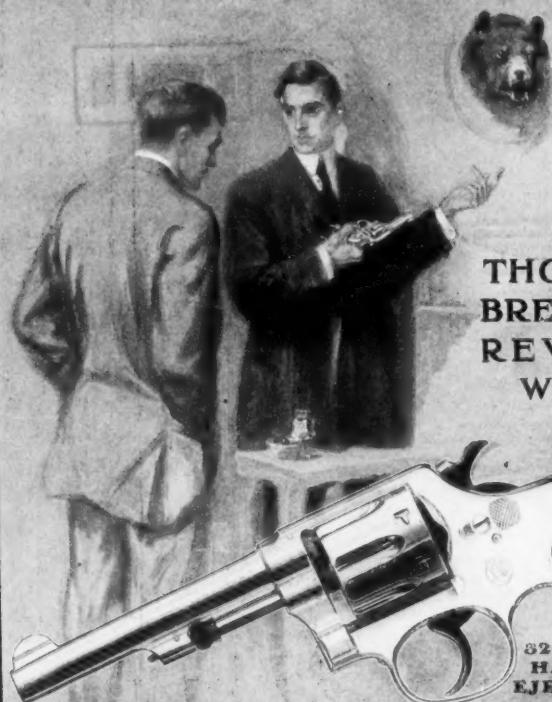
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RAPID COMPUTER COMPANY

163 Lake Shore Road Benton Harbor, Mich.

Collier's National Hotel Directory

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Niagara Hotel Porter and 7th St. Open surrounding, facing park. Overlooks lake; rooms en suite with bath. Palm Garden, etc.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Grand Union Hotel Opposite Grand Central Station. Rooms \$1 a day up. Restaurants at moderate prices. Baggage to and from sta. free.

The Prince George Quiet, Artistic. Lounge, Tea, Hunt Rooms. 332 rooms with baths. East 25th St. near 5th Ave. A. E. Dick, Mgr.

Park Avenue Hotel 334-334 St. & Park Ave. Famous for its comfort and service. Central to everything. Pleasant for long stays. Cool in summer. Built around a Palm garden 14,000 sq. ft. Reed & Barnett.

Hotel Martha Washington 29th to 30th St. near Madison Av. The famous woman's hotel. Thorough comfort. Moderate.

The New Wellington 7th Ave. and 55th St. 3 blocks from Central Park. Remodeled and newly furnished throughout. 300 rooms with bath, \$2 upwards. J. F. Champlin.

Hotel Endicott 81st St. and Columbus Ave. Quiet family hotel. Adjoining finest parks, museums and drives. Coolest location. European, \$1.50 up.

TORONTO, CANADA

The Queens Safest hotel in Canada. Telephones in every room. 100 suites with baths. Faces lake and surrounded by beautiful gardens.

TROY, N. Y.

Rensselaer New. Modeled after Old English Inn. Court yard in tile an artistic triumph. Grill. Fireproof. Suites with bath. European Plan.

Summer Resort Hotels

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

The Mount Washington at Bretton Woods in the heart of the mountains. Pure air. Pure water. Health. Comfort. Open July 15.

The Mount Pleasant June 29-Oct. 7. Direct trains from N. Y. and Boston to hotel grounds. Ascent of Mt. Washington twice daily.

The Waumbek Cottages, Jefferson, N. H. June to October. Garage. A. J. Murphy, Manager, Laurel House, Lakewood, N. J.

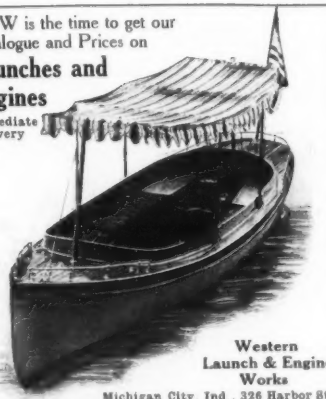
Camp Algonquin A Summer Camp for Boys. Aquatic Lake, Holderness, N. H. Edwin De Meritte's School, 180 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

THIS list of hotels is composed of only the best in each city, and any statement made can be absolutely relied upon. Travelers mentioning the fact of having selected their stopping place from these columns will be assured excellence of service and proper charges.

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New Ocean House Swampscott, Mass. Thoroughly modern. 30 min. from Boston. Select patronage. Booklet. Ainslie & Grabow.

CONNECTICUT

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ADIRONDACKS, N. Y.

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Hotel Ampersand Lower Saranac Lake. W. K. Hill, Mgr. Late of Hotel Wentworth, New Castle, N. H. Address 1180 Broadway, N. Y.

The Grand View Lake Placid. A first-class hotel with all modern appointments, under efficient and permanent management. Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Boating and all other Adirondack amusements. Enjoyment and contentment. Thos. Parkes, Mgr., N. Y. address Town and Country, 289 4th Ave.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

Hulet House and ten Cottages offer unrivaled comforts for those seeking a restful summer outing. H. W. Buckell, Prop.

SARATOGA, N. Y.

New Congress Hall \$75,000 improvements this year, entire new plumbing. Accommodates 1000. Cuisine unequalled.

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The Victoria One of the best Summer Hotels in Canada, situated on Lake Deschene, eight miles from Ottawa, the Capital. Good boating, bathing, tennis. Write for particulars to James K. Paisley, Grand Union Hotel, Ottawa, Canada.

Lour Lodge and Cottages, Digby, Nova Scotia. Exceptional healthfulness. No flies, mosquitoes or hay fever. For rates, etc., Aubrey Brown, Mgr.

NORTH HATLEY, QUEBEC, CANADA

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B. H. YARD, Manager

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the most valuable of all sauces, because it perfects the flavor of the greatest variety of dishes.

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Soil fertile, location exceptional, financial advantages great, future development and rapid enhancement in values certain.

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Suite 725, Wilson Building, DALLAS, TEXAS

Small Advertisements Classified

See also next page

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CANOEs with "Old Town Canoe" Name Plate are light, strong, speedy, graceful, handsome in finish and lines. Quality and correctness of models guaranteed. Free illustrated catalogue on request. Agencies all large cities. Old Town Canoe Co., 75 Middle St., Old Town, Me.

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Small Advertisements Classified

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"AUTOMOBILE COMFORT"—that's a booklet that will put you in touch with one of the greatest of inventions for automobiles—the "Rough Rider" Spring Cushion does away with all rough riding—makes you enjoy yourself. Write today for "Automobile Comfort." The Tweedy-Randolph Co., Gen. Agents, 2010 Fisher Bldg., Chicago.

KIBLINGER AUTOMOBILE, \$230. Built on honor, sold under guarantee. Speeds to 25 miles an hour. 25 to 50 miles on one gallon gasoline. Wood wheels, cushion tires, double chain drive. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write Dept. T. W. H. Kiblinger Co., Auburn, Ind.

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SUCCESS AUTO \$250. After ten years' use a perfect steel tired Auto buggy, runs 25 miles an hour, good hill climber. Write for particulars. Success Auto Buggy Mfg. Co., Inc., 532 De Baliviere Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

HILL CLIMBING PUMPS for '03-'04. White Steam cars, put on complete with hand valve on dasher, \$30. Price of parts ready to attach, \$25. Send for circular. Edw. S. Clark, Freeport St., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTEED AUTO STORAGE BATTERIES AT MPERS' PRICES. Cash with order. Suitable for 2 cyl. (or less) cars, \$15.00; for 4 (or more) cyl., \$20.00. C. O. B. Detroit. C. M. Roehm, 91 W. Woodbridge, Detroit, Mich.

SUPPLEMENTARY SPIRAL SPRINGS make automobile a luxury. Don't be a nervous wreck after a long ride. Sixteen-page booklet free. Attached by any handy man. The Graham Co., 911 Downing Bldg., N. Y. City.

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I'LL HELP YOU MAKE MONEY. Wanted immediately, an honest, energetic man or woman in every town, to commence work at once. Experience unnecessary. Permanent employment and one of the most liberal big money-making propositions ever offered. \$3 to \$5 or more a day sure. Don't put it off. Write now for full particulars and expensive samples free. T. M. Sayman, 2141 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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WANTED, capable agents to handle new, high grade up-to-date appliances; lightning sellers in all homes, offices, stores, shops; \$3 to \$10 daily guaranteed. Promotion assured. C. Thomas Mfg. Co., 24 V St., Dayton, O.

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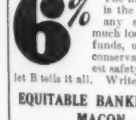
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

New York, Saturday, June 15, 1907

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P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.; and the International News Company, 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Ont., 72-74 Bay Street. Copyright 1907 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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EDITORIAL BULLETIN

The Diary of a Small Investor

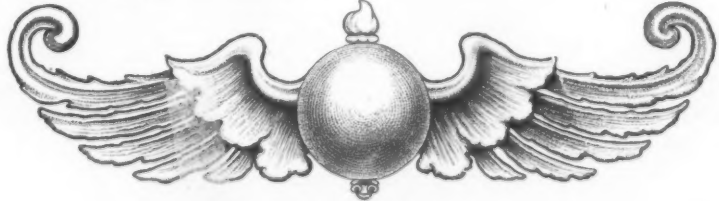
Collier's has long been painfully conscious of the cruelty practised upon guileless persons, chiefly wage-earners and others unaccustomed to business, by swindlers and thieves who operate as "wildcat" mining companies and other fake investment schemers. We have tried diligently to think of some means of enlightening the public about these swindles. As one means to that end, we asked Mr. Elliott Flower of Chicago to study a few of the "investment" companies which advertise in the Chicago Sunday papers, and which have offices in Chicago. Mr. Flower conscientiously put himself in the position of a purchaser of stock. He went to the offices of several of these companies and talked to the promoters. He bought the stock, and then, to test its value, he tried to borrow money on the stock from various Chicago banks. Failing there, he further tried to test its value by asking the companies which had sold it to him to buy it back. Finally, he investigated some of the men who were given as references by these companies. His experience constitutes a most illuminating narrative of the way the innocent are being duped. He will tell about his recent experiences in a series of articles in Collier's, beginning at a very early date.

Up the Congo

This week's article by Richard Harding Davis explaining the "why" of the general concern over the Congo "Free" State will be followed soon by a third which will give a fresh and vivid picture of the physical appearance of the great river and the ports, from Boma to Leopoldville, which are but stations of the great trading company projected by the cynical, greedy, and capable King of the Belgians. The heart of the Congo is far away from the coast; hard to come at. Ivory and rubber come from the remotest parts of this Protectorate that is as big as all of Europe proper. To get to it, missionaries and traders and officers travel for months, in great river steamers, on dirty, narrow-gauge railroad trains, by tin, "openwork," flat-bottom steamboats that forage their wood fuel as they go, and, finally, by trail. Going over that long course, one recalls Stanley with a thrill. The article echoes the great river and the terrible significance of its traffic.

Collier's Fiction

Criticisms of the short stories published in Collier's are always welcome. Some time ago a special effort was made to get intelligent opinions on this subject. The effort succeeded. It can be deduced from the letters received that Collier's fiction pleases about sixty per cent. of the readers. Thirty per cent, roughly, mention the sheep and the goats without special enthusiasm. The other ten per cent are made up, about half and half, of those who occasionally find a story in Collier's that pleases them and those who regard the Collier fiction as quite hopeless. One discontented writer complained that a certain story's ending was unsatisfactory. He said: "One story left the couple out at sea in a boat, and we would have liked them to go home and seen their home life before they fell in [the sea]." "Salt" and "artistic expression" are lacking, wrote "H. W.," of Coeur D'Alene; Collier's fiction has fallen into a rut, "H. G.," of Milwaukee, thought. All of this is helpful. The editor welcomes such criticisms, as well as all plain, straight-from-home hints of what is pleasing and what is not. The letter to which a small prize has been awarded, and others, will be published shortly.



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THE PATRIARCH
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

WHAT WILL BE BEST, two generations hence, or three or four—fifty or a hundred years from now—for all the people? What will be best for both EDWARD HENRY HARRIMAN IV, and also the great-grandson of ANTONIO DIMITRI, who arrived yesterday on the *Oceanic* and got a job digging ditches on the Union Pacific? What policy of to-day will most certainly insure to each of them, without toil so hard that it debases, a coat warm enough, with a dash of color if they wish it, and food enough to satisfy? What will guarantee to each enough front yard for his cedars and his vines, enough south hill slope for his apple orchard and potato rows, enough prosperity to school his tiny two, or ten; and above that, enough to give him leisure for a little thinking, peace of mind for the reasonable pursuit of happiness, and the economic independence which will enable him to make the most of what is in him? Ought not some such vision as this, some such rough-and-ready rule, be the test for statesmen and their policies?

SEVERAL STATESMEN, by a coincidence which shows how completely our minds are focused on this one thing, chose, for their Memorial Day messages to the people, the same subject—the changing boundary line between the little old State capital, Bangor, Frankfort, or Little Rock, and that bulging dome at Washington. President ROOSEVELT laid down a policy of future extension of the Federal power, at the expense of State power, which is called, by a newspaper not given to hysterical overstatement, “the most revolutionary proposition ever put forward by a Chief Executive of the Nation.” Mr. BRYAN at Norfolk, Senator FORAKER at Steubenville, and a powerful Republican, Chairman TAWNEY of the Appropriations Committee, all cried out, in different keys and with varying notes, warning and protest against that extension of the Federal power which has already taken place. Of all these, this much may be said of that one who has the widest audience: his guess at what will be best for all the

WHAT WILL BE BEST?

people a hundred years from now is a little more sure to be suggested by a complete and unconscious sincerity. He has no reason to practise insincerity. His grip upon the hearts of this nation is such now, that if he, on any occasion, had said the opposite of what he did say he would not have diminished by a single unit the latitude and longitude of his popularity. He is not, like Mr. BRYAN, under the necessity of hunting for flaws, of creating opposition, of refusing to admit approbation, if he should feel it, for the policies of the party in power. And the President is completely free from the suspicion which attaches to Mr. FORAKER—may we do him no wrong in uttering it—that the Ohio Senator is not so much a disinterested statesman, with eyes fixed upon a hundred years hence, as an advocate for interests more concerned in Here and Now. Moreover, President ROOSEVELT's ethical impulses in the past have been such as to create confidence in them now. On the whole, his guess at what must be for all an intellectual speculation, at what will be best for the fourth generation, has a big advantage over all others by reason of his sure disinterestedness and his freedom from shackling conventions of thought.

NOVELTY NEED NOT TERRIFY. The mighty prominence of the source of this new idea will focus upon it the thought of the nation, and discussion of it will furnish interest in the fabric of our Government, and intellectual stimulation, high and low. All this is well, and as a practical matter there is no occasion for hysterics. The President's dictum does not become law by his say-so; even though Congress, if they are persuaded it is good, should make it a law, yet after that the Supreme Court

can unmake it. Only they, the Nine that sit in judgment, can sanction changes in this Government so vital as the President proposes. Lacking the stamp of their deliberation and approval, this suggestion has no more potency than his recommendation to the Connellsville folk to be good to their wives, to the Michigan farmers to raise large families, and to the nature-writers to be truthful. Better indeed than law or fiat, more effective for individual happiness and right living than any change he may effect in the Constitution, are these homely counsels, the holding up of simple virtues, the energetic admonitions to better living, of which the President, from rear platforms and in public communications, is the perennial source. His position gives him the power, and he has the impulse, to make the Ten Commandments fashionable, and of simple honesty, courage, and clean living, a vogue. In the eyes of youths, his very position, together with the martial and the huntsman legend, make him a hero; and parents, in setting up ideals, have this powerful help. Men who never saw him are, as public officials or simple citizens, stimulated by the mere contagion of his example and the energy of his precepts.

THE DECADE LOGUE

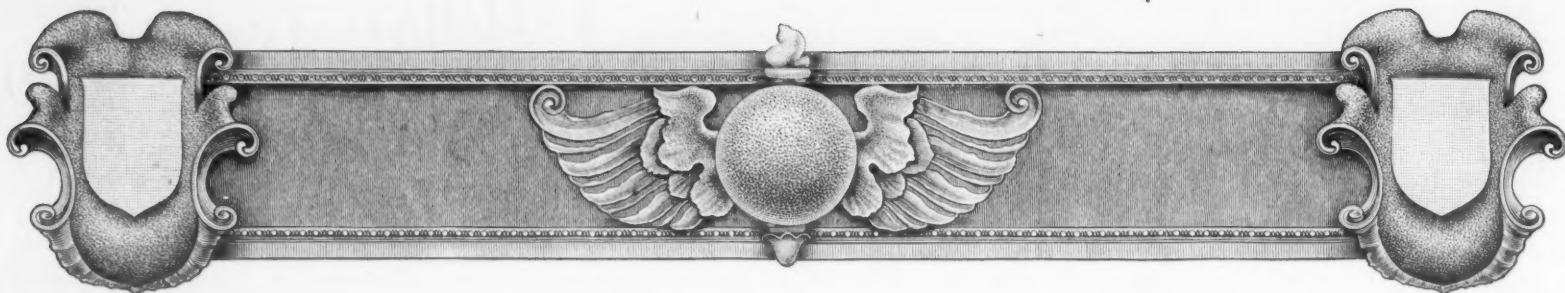
MORE TITILLATING than any speculations about the Constitution is a certain wonder which attaches to that four-hour country walk which the President and Mr. FAIRBANKS took that day the train was delayed at Akron. While they were sharing the sights and sounds and smells of country lanes and early spring, between the drink of buttermilk at FRANK THOMAS'S farm and the ball game at Mrs. WEUCHTER'S, what were the two pedestrians, passing the time in easy talk, saying to each other? and what, assuming the possibility of a distinction, were they thinking?

A SPRING WALK

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECH at Norfolk was worthy neither of his head nor of his heart. Concerning the working of an epoch-making Federal statute, which happened to be passed by another leader and a party other than Mr. BRYAN'S, here are his thoughts: “What is the effect of our new rate law which was so hard to get? There are two effects so far. One is, it stopped rebates; that is good, but what was the pecuniary effect? Why, the railroads kept the money they paid to the favored shippers, that is, the railroads got more money out of this. What was the other effect? It stopped passes. What did that do? It gave to the railroads the money that the fellows used to save that rode on passes. So far we have increased the revenues of the roads, and that is all that law has done thus far.” Mr. BRYAN picks out a wholly minor, inevitable, and altogether proper effect of the rate law, and jeers at it with such vigor as to create the impression that the whole law is a failure, a thing to be regarded with sneering and contempt. This is more characteristic of demagogues and those who make capital of discontent than of leaders such as Mr. BRYAN has sometimes seemed to be.

SOUR GRAPES

WILL HENEY GET W. F. HERRIN? If Caliban RUEF'S confession shall bring to bar the men equally venal, equally shameless, and more dangerous, in that they pretend to stand for higher things, who bought this boss and his Mayor—so easy to purchase—then he will, by breaking the ancient code of honor among thieves, have performed, for the sake of a lighter sentence, a service to that public which he no more thinks of really serving now than he has in the past. Of the great band of looters, HERRIN is easily first in ability and creative mastery of men and materials toward any Harrimanic end. PATRICK CALHOUN of the United Railways is of secondary



consideration, but with others of the "higher world" more deserving of punishment than the weak and inconsequent aldermanic stool-pigeons of the Schmitz administration whom they bribed. As chief attorney of the Southern Pacific, HERRIN has been the real boss of California. Whether dock privileges or lower railroad rates or more trains were wanted, his was the power that stood between the people and their wishes. No street-car track could be laid, no improvement made but that his power was felt in the transaction, which must first safeguard his interests before it could become a law. Democrats, Republicans,

HERRIN Socialists were all the same to him, provided he could purchase them. HEARST's Presidential delegates had free passage three years ago on the Harriman lines. Again last autumn, after he had nominated his tool GILLET for Governor on the Republican ticket, he was friendly to the Hearst candidate, LANGDON, who drew away enough Democratic votes to beat BELL, the Democratic candidate, who, HERRIN foresaw, would not be controllable. While the city was yet smoking, HERRIN began to buy special privileges. RUEF once had the ambition to get HERRIN's position, which, to his mind, was the summit of greatness. Now that RUEF is down, he promises to drag HERRIN, with whom he did a quiet business in large sums, down with him. Let us hope so. They deserve a common fate.

NEW CONDITIONS tax the resources of language. The correct and accurate statement of abstractions newly arisen is possible only with long, involved, and carefully qualified sentences, whose very complexity defeats their purpose. Labels which will readily identify them and pass current **A PHRASE** arise, as a rule, only after years. Inventions in this field are as important and useful as in science or industry. The writer on the "Wall Street Journal" deserves distinction and gratitude who, comparing the Atchison railroad's dividends with the Union Pacific's, said that the former's are not yet so big as to "draw the corrective lightning of the newer statesmanship."

VACATION: FROM THE VERB "vacate"; hence, a time to empty one's self of care, of work, of worry. No little problem in these days of rush and strain, and to each man pertains the necessity of providing his own solution, derived from his needs and his means. Europe and the far countries beckon to this one; to another, the highways of his own land mark lines of inviting progress for his motor-car; while a third cons the indented coasts for pleasant harbors for his yacht. But there are some millions of Americans who, having vacations, lack motor-cars or yachts or even means to prove the old adage that

"they change their skies but not their hearts," **VACATION** who run across the seas." What shall they do? Our word to him seeking vacation is that he make for the open. For relaxation, not the crowded haunts where mankind hunts in packs, but the true open:

"Where essential silence cheers and blesses
And, forever in the hill-recesses,
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies."

Get "next to the ground." That is the favorite prescription of Old Dr. Nature. It is as near a panacea as this uncaring world of ours affords. Next to the ground: back to the earth that bore us, the earth of green, growing things, of lakes and streams, of peaceful meadows and deep-bosomed hills. If virtue there be in you, to live strongly and well, contact with the earth will revive it. This, indeed, is the oldest formula for revival. Antæus was just the first summer vacationer.

HAPPY THE CITY DWELLER who was born and bred in the country! He has his vacation ready made for him. Whither should he go but Back Home? Essentially he will find the place unchanged. If he be the right kind of man, it will find him unchanged, too, for he who is radically alien to his boyhood has become so, not because he has outgrown it, but because he has fallen below it. The sound-hearted man will neither forget nor be forgotten in that environment. The butcher

will call him by his first name. The grocer will slap him on the back, and Old GRIMES, from whose orchard he used to "hook" apples, will cackle genially and opine that he "thinks quite some considerable of hisself, now that he's a city-bred man." The main street is changed by modern improvements (for the worse, the home-comer will think), but, perhaps, a bass or two still lurk above the old mill-dam; and you must needs watch him close to see that he doesn't sneak away for a plunge in the swimming hole, just below the willows. True, they've built a pretentious pressed-brick building where the old red schoolhouse used to stand. But, **BACK HOME** never mind, the village band still plays of a Saturday night, on the town green, and can that be?—well, if it isn't JONAS, the blacksmith, beating the snare-drum, just as he used to, with that unctuous roll that the swaggiest band in the world might be proud of. Yes, it's the same old town. And the curious and beautiful thing about it is that it is scattered all over the map and known under thousands of different names. But no matter what that name may be, it sings in the heart because it has been, and in a certain subtle sense eternally shall be, Back Home.

SLAVES OF THE LAMP in our unlovely little Babel, we scurry about from year end to year end at the bidding of our various masters. We never get rich enough nor famous enough, and although we croak a great deal and pretend we don't like it, we know we do. Most of us came to New York from quieter places, where folks lived every day instead of once a week; and away back in our congested cerebra is a picture of the place we are going to when the right time comes and we can run away to the Islands of the Blest. All of us in the special little eddy from which this paper is weekly spouted forth have such a picture, now, at any rate, if we didn't before—through the happy thought of the "Life in Our Town" contest—this letter came:

"LA GRANGE, GEORGIA, March 18, 1907

"DEAR COLLIER'S—I am an old lady just entering my 71st year, but I love my old town and want to tell you about it. La Grange is in middle Georgia, just 2 hours ride from Atlanta. It has about 8000 inhabitants and is just full of life. We have 6 cotton mills, a guano factory, ice factory, 2 large female colleges, and a public school with about 1000 students. Paved streets, electric lights, and 3 large banks controlling lots of money. We have a historic town too, for here that silver-tongued BENJ. H. HILL spent his happy childhood, here he brought his young bride, here his children were born and here his first maiden speeches proclaiming to the world what a grand man he was to be. His old Colonial home still stands here as a memorial. Here also were the homes of WALTER T. COLQUITT and Gov. ALFRED H. COLQUITT, U. S. S., from Ga.

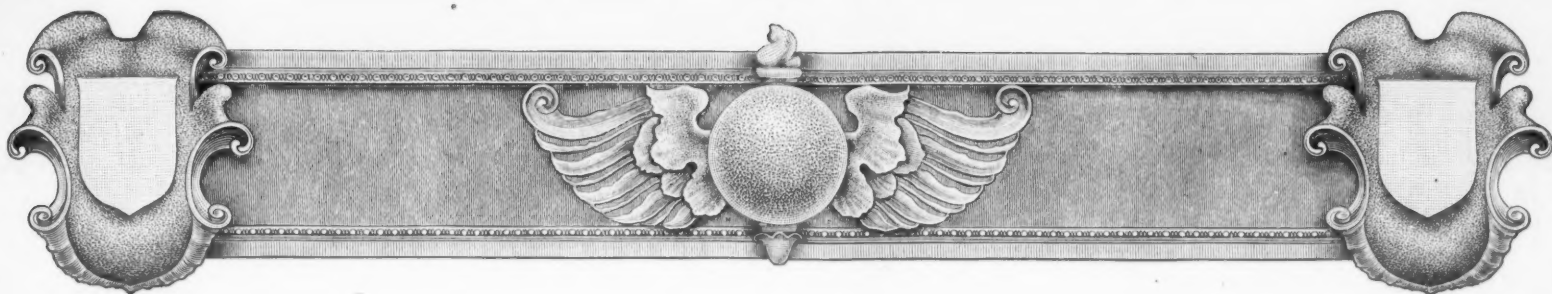
"La Grange is called the City of Elms and Roses, and if you could see it in spring time you would certainly say the name was honestly given. Our homes have all beautiful gardens. I do wish some of the COLLIER staff would come **A LETTER FROM AN OLD LADY** and see us and our town and let us show you what is true Southern hospitality and what a fine climate, water, &c., as well as a great cotton market.

"Now, dear COLLIER'S, I want to thank you for your fearless manner in attacking all those quack medicines, for it is high time for them to be suppressed and you deserve the credit for coming boldly to the front, for it seems no one else had the courage.

"I like your candor in defending that grand old man, Gen. ROB. E. LEE, but will stop for fear I have run over my 1000 words. Please promise me you will not put this in the waste-basket. Very Respt,

"MRS. CAROLINE E. GAY."

Waste-basket! Inscribed in our hearts, rather, set up on the bright mountain peak of Hope, where the sun shines three hundred and sixty-six days in the year! We like to think of the South as one of those Blessed Islands, left in a busy and sometimes careless world, where everything is kindness and courtesy and good cheer. Sometimes, when we are misunderstood and Southerners write us to go off and jump into the sea, this is hard to do, and we are hurt and puzzled. La Grange, however, makes our dreams come true. We are all going there some day—going to walk under the elm trees, sit on the white porticos and look out at those rose gardens; but first and most important of all we will find that particular white portico and rose garden from which this letter came, there to greet and to thank, face to face, as we do now in these dull words, the gracious hostess who has restored our illusions and been so kind.



STREET CARS IN LIVERPOOL are thoroughly washed and cleaned every night. That the cleaning is done thoroughly must be assumed from the fact that one man's job is the cleaning of three cars. What street car companies in the United States clean their cars once every night, or once every year? While capitalization is under scrutiny, character of service should not be ignored.

IN THIS GLORIOUS baseball season, when it is customary to say a word for that under dog, the umpire, let us do the unexpected by saying a word for the crowd. There is that in the American game which rouses all the strenuous passions, as triumph, jealousy, and fierce human hate. The umpire is there as a target for these passions. That is how he earns his salary. To prove this, consider what happened last winter in little British Bermuda. An American cricket team visited the islands. For four days of cricket the Americans, good sportsmen every one, loved the referee. They toasted him at dinner. On the fifth day the American cricketers formed a scrub team and played baseball. In the first inning the captain of the visiting American team told the umpire that he was a stiff and

THE UMPIRE had a tin roof over his eyes.

In the second inning the visitors left their bases to convince the umpire that the runner was out, by a nautical league. In the third, disinterested spectators saved the life of that unfortunate. You can not play baseball and love the umpire. He is there to introduce that element of danger which ennoble the finest athletic sports.

CRUMPACKER OF INDIANA is the Congressman who tried hard last winter to curtail the "fraud order" power of the Post-Office Department. Will Mr. CRUMPACKER now look at the advertising pages of any Sunday newspaper and say whether he thinks the Government ought to have less or more power to compel swindlers to cease using the United States mails? Or is he one

FRAUD ORDERS

of those *laissez-faire* statesmen who believe that all business is like horse trading, and that every buyer must look out for himself? Only on some such brutal presumption can any one argue that it is no proper function of government to protect those whose ignorance makes them the easy victims of shameless swindlers. The truth is, the Post-Office Department should have a greater "fraud order" power, and more money and men to enforce it. As it is, the officials are unable to destroy many whom they know to be swindlers. The possession of a hole in the ground is enough for a swindler to make an unctuous pretense of good faith, and claim that he really hopes his "mine" will do all he holds out to his dupes.

PATENT MEDICINES are another "legitimate industry" which wakes each morning to fearful trembling lest the morning's mail may include a summons to come to Washington to convince an imperturbable official that its business is not a swindle.

"LEGITIMATE INDUSTRIES"

Many persons write to ask this paper why various patent medicines haven't been declared fraudulent long ago. A great many weaker ones have been; the more powerful ones have escaped partly because they know their danger, and, with the aid of astute lawyers, manage cunningly to keep just within the law; partly because the "fraud

order" power of the Post-Office Department is too limited—a swindler must be very frank and impudent indeed before the Government can get him. However, one of the biggest of the patent-medicine quacks has been under surveillance for a long time, and there is prospect of a prosecution which will make even the biggest patent-medicine swindlers walk in a trembling yet more fearful than now.

VICTOR HUGO DEFINES SLANG as "the language of those in darkness; the word turned convict." Nevertheless, by adoption, many a term of the underworld becomes a respectable and expressive member of the verbal community. For such enrichment of the language as comes in this way we may be philosophically thankful. All of which is merely by way of introducing a luminous phrase, born of the Pacific Coast real-estate boom. Who in the effete realms east of the Rockies knows what a "come-on house" is? The High Hopes Land Improvement Company of Southern California purchases a plot of ground somewhere within the hundred-mile radius of probable future population, puts in roadways and stone gates with chains on them, sets out flowers to the value of what would be in a less fertile country

some ten thousand dollars, and, following the graceful Spanish nomenclature of the region, names the layout Catchasucca Park. But nobody buys unoccupied ground, no matter how ornately improved. Therefore the company erects, upon the highest and most conspicuous spot, a villa. This is not to live

in; not to rent; **SLANG** not to sell. It

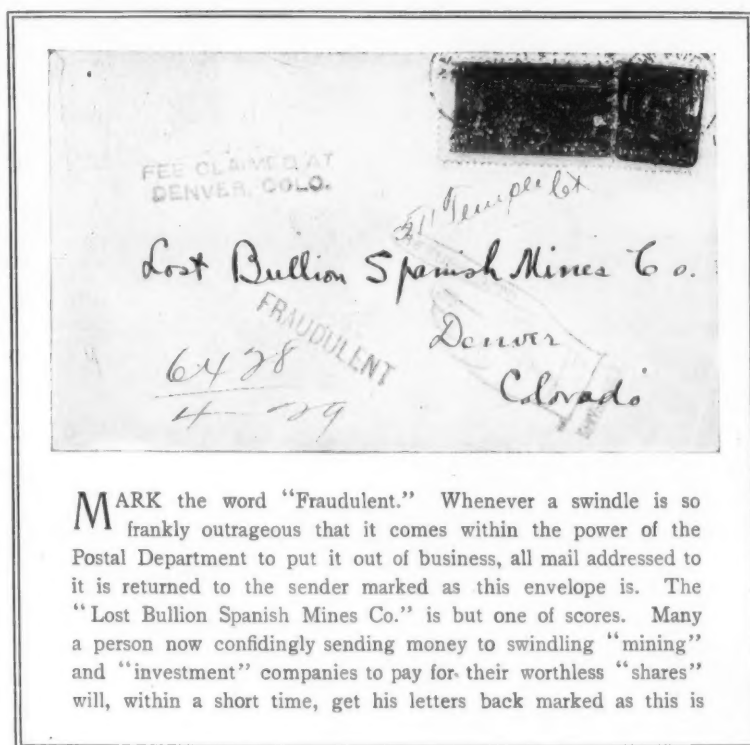
is the "come-on house." What was before a desolation and a solitude now suggests human associations. The house smiles and beckons upon the possible purchaser of neighboring lots. "If I can stand it, you can," it proclaims to future edifices, and only the initiate recognize that it is a house, not a home; merely a Pandora's box, full of winged and voracious expectations. The strategy of business and the psychology of advertising inhere in this type. It is at once a nest-egg, a bait, and a pitfall. The "come-on house" pertains not alone to the real-estate business.

Those who build for the eye alone are confined to no one business or profession, and the "come-on house" as a symbol looms in some quarter of every horizon.

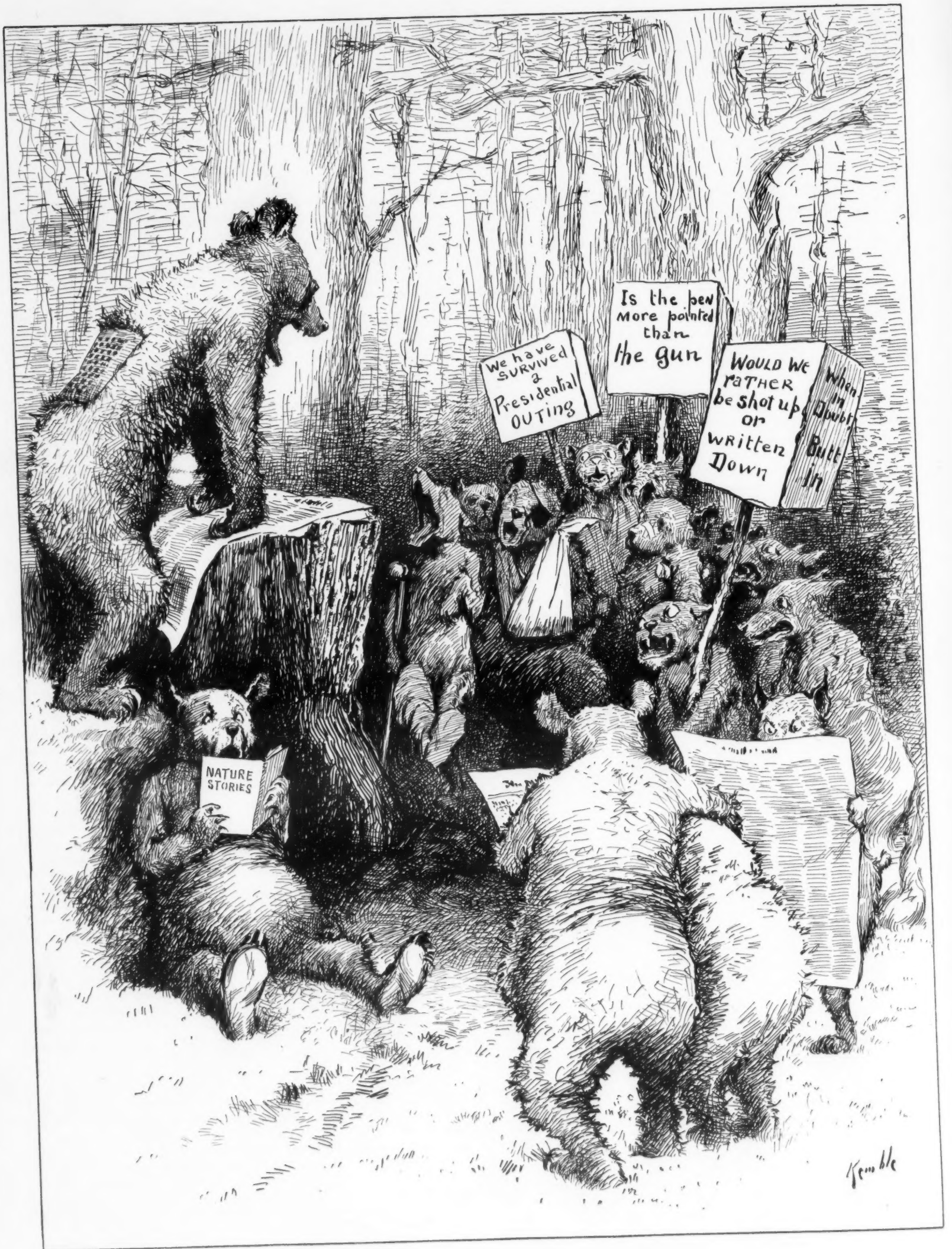
INSTRUCTION IN THE SENSE of humor seems to be an important adjunct of education at Smith College. Smith has a slang of its own and a distinctive trick of exaggeration which outdoes the thieves' patter of Princeton and Cornell. When a Smith girl gossips she prefaces her remarks with the request that you "be as the tomb." When she is fatigued or bored she says simply: "I irk," and when a classmate suffers from influenza or headache the Smithsonian hisses tensely:

"Hush, my dear, Molly is stricken!" The most commonplace announcement "thrills her to the bosom's core," she is "as one stricken with palsy," her "soul stands agape." A Smith College girl stood on an Italian island overlooking the eruption of Vesuvius. The monster was casting his flames to the zenith while the ashes of destruction hung murkily over the sea. Words could not express the lurid grandeur of the scene until the Smith College girl plucked a gem from her vocabulary. "Vesuv" is looking rather natty this morning," she sighed.

THE GIRL FROM SMITH



MARK the word "Fraudulent." Whenever a swindle is so frankly outrageous that it comes within the power of the Postal Department to put it out of business, all mail addressed to it is returned to the sender marked as this envelope is. The "Lost Bullion Spanish Mines Co." is but one of scores. Many a person now confidently sending money to swindling "mining" and "investment" companies to pay for their worthless "shares" will, within a short time, get his letters back marked as this is



EXPERT OPINION FROM GRIZZLY HOLLOW

THE CHAIRMAN: "It is *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to edit all literature pertaining to animal life, and report at the White House at an early date"

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

The question whether fourteen civilized Powers have any cause to suffer qualms of conscience when they allow their agent, Leopold of Belgium, to make money out of the torments of twenty million slaves in the Congo State

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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BOMA, CONGO FREE STATE

THE fact of greatest interest about this country is that it is owned, and the twenty millions of people who inhabit it are owned, by one man. The land and its people are his private property. I am not trying to say that he governs the Congo. He does govern it, but that in itself would not be of interest; his claim is that he owns it. Though backed by all the mailed fists in the German Empire, and all the *Dreadnoughts* of the seas, it is difficult to imagine any other modern monarch making such a claim. It does not sound like anything we have heard since the days and the ways of Pharaoh. And the most remarkable feature of it is, that the man who makes this claim is the man who was placed over the Congo as a guardian, to keep it open to the trade of the world, to suppress slavery. That, in this country, he has killed trade and made the products of the land his own, that of the natives he did not kill he has made slaves, is what to-day gives the Congo its chief interest. It is well to emphasize how this one man stole a march on fourteen Powers, including the United States, and stole also an Empire of one million square miles.

Twenty-five years ago all of Africa was divided into many parts. The part which still remained to be distributed among the Powers was that which was watered by the Congo River and its tributaries.

Along the north bank of the Congo River ran the French Congo; the Portuguese owned the lands to the south, and on the East it was shut in by protectorates and colonies of Germany and England. It was, and is, a territory as large, were Spain and Russia omitted, as Europe. If a map of the Congo were laid upon a map of Europe, with the mouth of the Congo River where France and Spain meet at Biarritz, the boundaries of the Congo would reach south to the heel of Italy, to Greece, to Smyrna; east to Constantinople and Odessa; northeast to St. Petersburg and Finland, and northwest to the extreme limits of Scotland. Distances in this country are so enormous, the means of progress so primitive, that many of the Belgian officers with whom I came south and who already from Antwerp had traveled nineteen days, had still, before they reached their posts, to steam, paddle, and walk for three months.

Result of the Berlin Conference

IN 1884, to amicably dispose of this great territory, which was much desired by several of the Powers, a Conference was held at Berlin. There it was decided to make of the Congo Basin an Independent State, a "free-for-all" country, where every flag could trade with equal right, and with no special tariff or restriction.

The General Act of this Conference agreed: "The trade of ALL nations shall enjoy complete freedom." "No Power which exercises or shall exercise Sovereign rights in the above-mentioned regions shall be allowed to grant therein a monopoly or favor of any kind in matters of trade." "ALL the Powers exercising Sovereign rights or influence in the aforesaid territories bind themselves to watch over the preservation of the native tribes, and to care for the improvement of the condition of their moral and material welfare, and to help in suppressing slavery." The italics are mine. These quotations from the Act are still binding upon the fourteen Powers, including the United States.

For several years previous to the Conference of Berlin Leopold of Belgium, as a private individual, had shown much interest in the development of the Congo. The opening up of that territory was apparently his hobby. Out of his own pocket he paid for expeditions into the Congo Basin, employed German and English explorers, and protested against the then existing iniquities of the Arabs, who for ivory and slaves raided the Upper Congo. Finally, assisted by many geographical societies, he founded the International Association, to promote "civilization and trade" in Central Africa; and enlisted Henry M. Stanley in this service.

That, in the early years, Leopold's interest in the Congo was unselfish may or may not be granted, but, knowing him, as we now know him, as one of the shrewdest and, of speculators, the most unscrupulous, at the time of the Berlin Conference his self-seeking may safely be accepted. Quietly, unostentatiously, he presented himself to its individual members as a candidate for the post of administrator of this new territory.

On the face of it he seemed an admirable choice. He was a sovereign of a kingdom too unimportant to be feared; of the newly created State he undoubtedly possessed an intimate knowledge. He promised to give to the Dutch, English, and Portuguese traders, already for many years established

on the Congo, his heartiest aid, and for those traders still to come to forever maintain the "open door." His professions of a desire to help the natives were profuse. He became the unanimous choice of the Conference.

Later he announced to the Powers signing the Act, that from Belgium he had received the right to assume the title of King of the Independent State of the Congo. The Powers recognized his new title.

The fact that Leopold, King of Belgium, was king also of the *État Indépendant du Congo* confused many into thinking that the Free State was a colony, or under the protection, of Belgium. As we have seen, it is not. A Belgian may serve in the Army of the Free State, or in a civil capacity, as may a man of any nation,



A CONGO PUNISHMENT

Because of some trifling offense this man was compelled to walk about with a putrid human leg tied around his neck. This photograph was made by Mr. William Hoffman, formerly of Henry M. Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, near Basoko, during the regime of the notorious Lothair

but, although almost only Belgians are employed in the Free State, and although to help the King in the Congo, the Belgian Government has loaned him great sums of money, politically and constitutionally the two Governments are as independent of each other as France and Spain.

And so, in 1885, Leopold, by the grace of fourteen Governments, was appointed their steward over a great estate in which each of the Governments still holds an equal right; a trustee and keeper over twenty millions of "black brothers," whose "moral and material welfare" each Government had promised to protect.

The Mysterious Trance of the Powers

THERE is only one thing more remarkable than the fact that Leopold was able to turn this public market into a private park, and that is, that he has been permitted to do so. It is true he is a man of wonderful ability. For his own ends he is a magnificent organizer. But in the fourteen Governments that created him there have been, and to-day there are, men, if less unscrupulous, of quite as great ability, statesmen,

jealous and quick to guard the rights of the people they represent, people who since the twelfth century have been traders, who since 1808 have declared slavery abolished.

And yet, for twenty-five years these statesmen have watched Leopold disobey every act of the Conference. Were they to come here, they could see for themselves the jungle creeping in and burying their trading posts, their great factories turned into barracks. They know that the blacks they mutually agreed to protect have been reduced to slavery worse than that they suffered from the Arabs, that hundreds of thousands of them have fled from the Congo, and that those that remain have been mutilated, maimed, or, what was more merciful, murdered. And yet the fourteen Governments, including the United States, have done nothing. Some tell you they do not interfere because they are jealous one of the other; others say that it is because they believe the Congo will soon be taken over by Belgium, and with Belgium in control, they argue, they would be dealing with a responsible Government, instead of with a pirate. But so long as Leopold is King of Belgium one doubts if Belgians in the Congo would rise above the level of their king. The English, when asked why they do not assert their rights, granted not only to them, but to thirteen other Governments, reply that if they did they would be accused of "ulterior motives." What ulterior motives? If you pursue a pickpocket and recover your watch from him, are your motives in doing so open to suspicion?

Personally, although this is looking some way ahead, I would like to see the English take over and administer the Congo. Wherever I visit a colony governed by Englishmen I find under their administration, in spite of opium in China and gin on the West Coast, that three people are benefited: the Englishman, the native, and the foreign trader from any other part of the world. Of the colonies of what other country can one say the same?

As a rule our present Governments are not loath to protect their rights. But toward asserting them in the Congo they have been moved neither by the protests of traders, Chambers of Commerce, missionaries, the public press, nor by the cry of the black man to "let my people go." By only those in high places can it be explained. We will leave it as a curious fact, and return to the "Unjust Steward."

Leopold Begins to Collect Taxes

HIS first act was to wage wars upon the Arabs. From the Sudan and from the East Coast they were raiding the Congo for slaves and ivory, and he drove them from it. By these wars he accomplished two things. As the defender of the slave, he gained much public credit, and he kept the ivory. But war is expensive, and soon he pointed out to the Powers that to ask him out of his own pocket to maintain armies in the field and to administer a great estate was unfair. He humbly sought their permission to levy a few taxes. It seemed a reasonable request. To clear roads, to keep boats upon the great river and mark it with buoys, and maintain wood stations for the steamers, to improve the "moral and material welfare of the natives," would cost money, and to allow Leopold to bring about these improvements, which would be for the good of all, he was permitted to levy the few taxes. That was twenty years ago; to-day I can see none of these improvements, and the taxes have increased. From the first they were so heavy that the great trade houses, which for one hundred years in peace and mutual goodwill bartered with the natives, found themselves ruined. It was not alone the export taxes, lighterage dues, port dues, and personal taxes that drove them out of the Congo; it was the King appearing against them as a rival trader, the man appointed to maintain the "open door." And a trader with methods they could not or would not imitate. Leopold, or the "State," saw for the existence of the Congo only two reasons: Rubber and Ivory. And the collecting of this rubber and ivory was, as he saw it, the sole duty of the State and its officers. When he threw over the part of Trustee and became the Arab raider he could not waste his time, which he had good reason to fear, might be short, upon products that, if fostered, would be of value only in later years. Still less time had he to give to improvements that cost money and that would be of benefit to his successors. He wanted only rubber; he wanted it at once, and he cared not at all how he obtained it. So he spun, and still spins, the greatest of all "get-rich-quick" schemes; one of gigantic proportions, full of tragic, monstrous, nauseous details.

The only possible way to obtain rubber here is through the native; as yet, in these teeming forests, the white man can not work and live. Of even Chinese coolies imported here to build a railroad ninety per

cent died. So, with a stroke of the pen, Leopold declared all the rubber in the country the property of the "State," and then, to make sure that the natives would work it, ordered that taxes be paid in rubber. If, once a month (in order to keep the natives steadily at work the taxes were ordered to be paid each month instead of once a year), each village did not bring in so many baskets of rubber the King's cannibal soldiers raided it, carried off the women as hostages, and made prisoners of the men, or killed and ate them. For every kilo of rubber brought in in excess of the quota the King's agent, who received the collected rubber and forwarded it down the river, was paid a commission. Or was "paid by results." Another bonus was given him based on the price at which he obtained the rubber. If he paid the native only six cents for every two pounds, he received a bonus of three cents, the cost to the State being but nine cents per kilo, but if he paid the natives twelve cents for every two pounds he received as a bonus less than one cent. In a word, the more rubber the agent collected the more he personally benefited, and if he obtained it "cheaply" or for nothing—that is, by taking hostages, making prisoners, by the whip of hippopotamus hide, by torture—so much greater his fortune, so much richer Leopold.

Few schemes devised have been more cynical, or devilish, more cunningly designed to incite a man to cruelty and abuse. To dishonesty it was an invitation and a reward. It was this system of "payment by results," evolved by Leopold, sooner than allow his agents a fixed and sufficient wage, that led to the atrocities.

One result of this system was that in seven years the natives condemned to slavery in the rubber forests brought in rubber to the amount of fifty-five millions of dollars. But its chief results were the destruction of entire villages, the flight from their homes in the Congo of hundreds of thousands of natives, and for those that remained misery, death, the most brutal tortures and degradations, unprintable, unthinkable.

Atrocities Now Sub Rosa

I AM not going to enter into the question of the atrocities. Here the tip has been given out from those higher up at Brussels to "close up" the atrocities; and for the present the evil places in the Tenderloin and along the Broadway of the Congo are tightly shut. But at those lonely posts, distant a month to three months' march from the capital, the cruelties still continue. I did not see them. Neither, last winter, did a great many people in the United States see the massacre of blacks in Atlanta.* But they have reason to believe that it occurred. And after one has talked with the men and women here who have seen the atrocities, has seen in the official reports that those accused of the atrocities do not deny having committed them, but point out that they were merely obeying orders, and after one has seen that even at the capital of Boma all the conditions of slavery exist, one is assured that in the jungle, away from the sight of men, all things are possible. Merchants, missionaries, and officials even in Leopold's service told me if one could spare a year and a half, or a year, to the work in the hinterland he would be an eyewitness of as cruel treatment of the natives as any that has gone before, and if I can trust myself to weigh testimony and can believe my eyes and ears I have reason to know that what they say is true. I am convinced that to-day a man, who feels that a year and a half is little enough to give to the aid of twenty millions of human beings, can accomplish in the Congo as great and good work as that of the Abolitionists. Three years ago atrocities here were open and aboveboard. For instance. In the opinion of the State the soldiers, in killing game for food, wasted the State cartridges, and in consequence the soldiers, to show their officers they did not expend the cartridges extravagantly on antelope and wild boar, for each empty cartridge brought in a human hand, the hand of a man, woman, or child. These hands, drying in the sun, could be seen at the posts along the river. They are no longer in evidence. Neither is the flower-bed of Lieutenant Dom, which was bordered with human skulls. A quaint conceit.

The man to blame for the atrocities, for each separate atrocity, is Leopold. Had he shaken his head they would have ceased. When the hue and cry in Europe grew too hot for him and he held up his hand they did cease. At least along the main waterways. Years before he could have stopped them. But these were the seven fallow years, when millions of tons of red rubber were being dumped upon the wharf at Antwerp; little, roughly rolled red balls, like pellets of coagulated blood, which had cost their weight in blood, which would pay Leopold their weight in gold.

He can not plead ignorance. Of all that goes on in his big plantation no man has a better knowledge. Without their personal honesty, he follows every detail of the "business" of his rubber farm with the same diligence that made rich men of George Boldt and Marshall Field. Leopold's knowledge is gained through many spies, by voluminous reports, by following up

the expenditure of each centime, of each arm's-length of blue cloth. Of every Belgian employed on his farm, and ninety-five per cent are Belgians, he holds the dossier; he knows how many kilos a month the agent whips out of his villages, how many bottles of absinthe he has smuggled from the French side, whether he lives with one black woman or five, why his white wife in Belgium left him, why he left Belgium, why he dare not return. The agent knows that Leopold, King of the Belgians, knows, and that he has shared that knowledge with the agent's employer, the man who by bribes of rich bonuses incites him to crime, the man who could throw him into a Belgian jail, Leopold, King of the Congo.

The Service Leopold Likes

THE agent decides for him it is best to please both Leopolds, and Leopold makes no secret of what best pleases him. For not only is he responsible for the atrocities, in that he does not try to suppress them, but he is doubly guilty in that he has encouraged them. This he has done with cynical, callous publicity, without effort at concealment, without shame. Men who, in obtaining rubber, committed unspeakable crimes, the memory of which makes other men uncomfortable in their presence, Leopold rewarded with rich bonuses, pensions, higher office, gilt badges of shame, and rapid advancement. To those whom even his own judges sentenced to many years' imprisonment he

ritories in which the sole right to work rubber is conceded to certain persons. To those who protested that no one in the Congo "Free" State but the King could trade in rubber Leopold, as an answer, pointed with pride at the preserves of these foreigners. And he may well point at them with pride, for in some of those companies he owns a third, and in most of them he holds a half, or a controlling interest. The directors of the foreign companies are his cronies, members of his royal household, his brokers, bankers. You have only to read the names published in the lists of the Brussels Stock Exchange to see that these "trading companies," under different aliases, are Leopold. Having, then, "conceded" the greater part of the Congo to himself, Leopold set aside the best part of it, so far as rubber is concerned, as a *Domaine Privé*. Officially the receipts of this pay for running the Government, and for schools, roads, wharfs, for which taxes were levied, but for which, after twenty years, one looks in vain. Leopold claims that through the Congo he is out of pocket; that this carrying the banner of civilization in Africa does not pay. Through his press bureaus he tells that his sympathy for his black brother, his desire to see the commerce of the world busy along the Congo, alone prevents him giving up what is for him a losing business. There are several answers to this. One is that in the Kasai Company alone Leopold owns 2,010 shares of stock. Worth originally \$50 a share, last winter—the last quotation I have at hand—the value of each share was \$3.100. That makes his total shares worth at present \$5,421,000. In the A. B. I. R. Concession he owns 1,000 shares, originally worth \$100 each, now worth \$940.

But in the "vintage" year of 1900 each of these shares was worth \$5,050, and the 1,000 shares thus rose to the value of \$5,050,000.

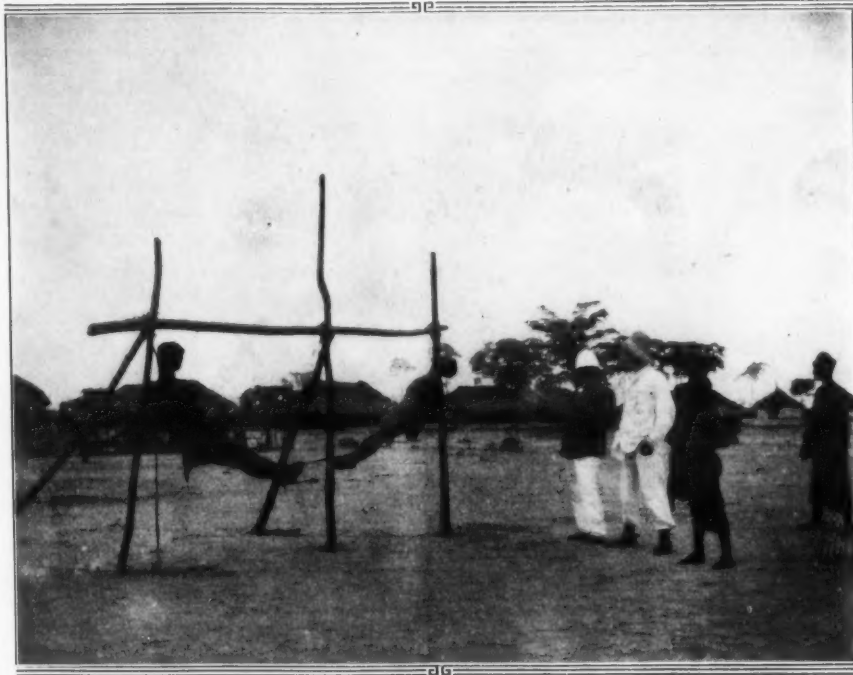
These are only two companies. In most of the others half the shares are owned by the King.

Owner of Land and People

AS published in the "State Bulletin," the money received in eight years for rubber and ivory gathered in the *Domaine Privé* differs from the amount given for it in the market at Antwerp. The official estimates show a loss to the Government. The actual sales show that the Government, over and above its own estimate of its expenses, instead of losing, made from the *Domaine Privé* alone \$10,000,000. We are left wondering to whom went that unaccounted-for \$10,000,000. Certainly the King would not take it, for, to reimburse himself for his efforts, he early in the game reserved for himself another tract of territory known as the *Domaine de la Couronne*. For years he denied that this existed. He knew nothing of Crown Lands. At last, in the Belgian Chamber, the truth came out, and it was there stated that for years, from this private source which he said did not exist, Leopold had secretly been drawing an income of \$15,000,000.

To-day, grown insolent by the apathy of the Powers, Leopold finds disguising himself as a company, as a laborer worthy of his hire, irksome. He now decrees that as "Sovereign" over the Congo all of the Congo belongs to him. It is as much his property as is a pheasant drive, as is a staked-out mining claim, as your hat is your property. And the twenty millions of people who inhabit it are there only on his sufferance. They are his "tenants." He permits them the hut in which they live, and the garden adjoining that hut, but their work must be for him, and everything else, animal, mineral, or vegetable, belongs to him. The natives not only may not sell ivory or rubber to independent traders, but if it is found in their possession it is seized; and if you and I bought a tusk of ivory here it would be taken from us and we could be prosecuted. This is the law. Other men rule over territories more vast even than the Congo. The King of England rules an Empire upon which the sun never sets. But he makes no claim to own it. Against the wishes of even the humblest crofter, the King would not, because he knows he could not, enter his cottage. Nor can we imagine even Kaiser William going into the palm-leaf hut of a charcoal burner in German East Africa and saying: "This is my palm-leaf hut. This is my charcoal. You must not sell it to the English, nor the French, nor the American. If they buy from you they are 'receivers of stolen goods.' To feed my soldiers you must drag my river for my fish. For me, in my swamp and in my jungle, you must toil twenty-four days of each month to gather my rubber. You must not hunt the elephants, for they are my elephants. Those tusks, that fifty years ago your grandfather with his naked spear cut from an elephant, and which you have tried to hide from me under the floor of this hut, are my ivory. Because that elephant, running wild through the jungle fifty years ago, belonged to me. And you yourself are mine, your time is mine, your labor is mine, your wife, your children, all are mine. They belong to me."

This, then, is the "open door" as I find it to-day in the Congo. It is an incredible state of affairs, so insolent, so magnificent in its impertinence, that it would be humorous, were it not for its background of misery and suffering, for its hostage houses, its chain



TORTURE OF CONGO NATIVES

This photograph was also taken by Mr. Hoffman. These two men, after hanging for several hours by their necks and ankles, died. A Belgian official laughing at their misery stands near by

promptly granted the royal pardon, promoted, and sent back to work in the vineyard.

"That is the sort of man for me," his action seemed to say. "See how I value that good and faithful servant. That man collected much rubber. You observe I do not ask how he got it. I will not ask you. All you need do is to collect rubber. Use our improved methods. Gum copal rubbed in the kinky hair of the Chief and then set on fire burns, so my agents tell me, like vitriol. For collecting rubber the Chief is no longer valuable, but to his successor it is an object-lesson. Let me recommend also the *chicotte*, the torture tower, the 'hostage' house, and the crucifix. Many other stimulants to labor will, no doubt, suggest themselves to you and to your cannibal 'sentries.' Help to make me rich, and don't fear the 'State.' 'L'Etat, c'est moi.' Go as far as you like!"

The New Wilberforces

I SAID the degradations and tortures practised by the men "working on commission" for Leopold are unprintable, but they have been printed, and those who wish to read a calmly compiled, careful, and correct record of their deeds will find it in the "Red Rubber" of Mr. E. R. Morel. An even better book by the same authority, on the whole history of the State, is his "King Leopold's Rule in the Congo." Mr. Morel has many enemies. So, early in the nineteenth century, had the English Abolitionists, Wilberforce and Granville Sharp. After they were dead they were buried in the Abbey, and their portraits were placed in the National Gallery. People who wish to assist in freeing twenty millions of human beings should to-day support Mr. Morel. It will be of more service to the blacks than, after he is dead, burying him in Westminster Abbey.

Splendidly led by Mr. Morel, the American and English missionaries, two English consuls, and other men in Belgium, have made a magnificent fight against Leopold; but the Powers to whom they have appealed have been silent. Taking courage of this silence, Leopold has divided the Congo into several great ter-

gangs, its *chicottes*, its nameless crimes against the human body, its baskets of dried hands held up in tribute to the Belgian blackguard.

Leopold's "shop" has its front door at Banana. Its house flag is a golden star on a blue background. Banana is the port of entry to the Congo. You have, no doubt, seen many ports of Europe—Antwerp, Hamburg, Boulogne, Lisbon, Genoa, Marseilles. Banana is the port of entry to a country as large as Western Europe, and while the imports and exports of Europe trickle through all these cities, the commerce of the Congo enters and departs entirely at Banana. You can then picture the busy harbor, the jungle of masts, the white bridges and awnings of the steamers. By the fat funnels and the flags you can distinguish the English tramps, the German merchantmen, the French, Dutch, Italian, Portuguese traders, the smart "liners" from Liverpool, even the Arab dhows with bird-wing sails, even the steel, four-masted schooners out of Boston, U. S. A. You can imagine the toiling lighters, the slap-dash tenders, the launches with shrieking whistles.

Of course, you suspect it is not a bit like that. But were it for fourteen countries the "open door" to twenty millions of people, that is how it might look.

Instead, it is the private entrance to the preserves of a private individual. So what you really see is, on the one hand, islands of mangrove bushes, with their roots in the muddy water; on the other, Banana, a strip of sand and palm trees without a wharf, quay, landing stage, without a pier to which you could make fast anything larger than a rowboat.

The Emporium of Leopold's Empire

IN a canoe naked natives paddle alongside to sell fish; a peevish little man in a sun hat, who, in order to save Leopold three salaries, holds four port offices, is being rowed to the gangway; on shore the only other visible inhabitant of Banana, a man with no nerves, is disturbing the brooding, sweating silence by knocking the rust off the plates of a

stranded mud scow. Welcome to our city! Welcome to busy, bustling Banana, the port of entry of the Congo Free State.

In a canoe we were paddled to the back yard of the café of Madame Samuel, and from that bower of warm beer and sardine tins trudged through the sun up one side of Banana and down the other. In between the two paths were the bungalows and gardens of forty white men and two white women. Many of the gardens, as was most of Banana, were neglected, untidy, littered with condensed-milk tins. Others, more carefully tended, were laid out in rigid lines. With all tropical nature to draw upon, nothing had been imagined. The most ambitious efforts were designs in whitewashed shells, protruding beer bottles. We could not help remembering the gardens in Japan, of the poorest and the most ignorant coolies. Do I seem to find fault with Banana out of all proportion to its importance? It is because Banana, the Congo's most advanced post of civilization, is typical of all I have seen.

THE FARCE AT THE HAGUE

WHILE WAR BUDGETS INCREASE PEACE DELEGATES DISCUSS THE RULES OF SLAUGHTER

By FREDERICK PALMER

MEN who have seen war in the field smile when they think of The Hague. We know that although the dove may be permitted to hover around the eaves Infinite Satire will be the presiding genius of the counsel chamber. The relative importance of each delegate will be measured solely by the killing power of the nation which he represents; for heavy is the tax which international society lays on the "climber." Japan, which has just "arrived," paid for the privilege of her ambassadorial rank with the lives of a hundred thousand of her youths and a billion dollars.

In the eight years that have elapsed since the first conference there has been war between England and the United States, Germany and France, Austria and Italy—continual war among all the nations. Witness the record of the battles of the budgets as recorded by the Statesman's Year Book. The years chosen for comparison are normal, without any extraordinary war expenditures.

From 1897 to 1907 the cost of the leading armies and navies of the world rose from \$946,361,379 to a total of \$1,547,162,189, or an increase of 63 per cent. The United States, which is the newest "arrival" except Japan, is paying \$117,550,308 for her navy in 1907 as against \$34,561,546 in 1897, an increase of \$72,988,752, or 240 per cent. We are beaten only by Germany in percentage of naval increase, with a rise from \$13,843,000 to \$53,734,304, or 288 per cent, while Italy—which had no increase in army expenses—is relieved as an old family among the *nouveaux riches* from any slight on the score of "shabby gentility" by an increase from \$18,992,309 to \$53,450,568, or 184 per cent, or by five times as much as France. Japan increased her navy by 200 and England hers by 63 per cent.

Uncle Sam's Handicap

BUT lest these figures be misunderstood, it should be noted that England's actual increase of seventy millions in the ten years represented more than the cost of any other navy except ours. Moreover, higher prices of building in the United States leave the fact unquestioned that England has really added more fighting strength than any other Power. For her money Japan far and away gets the most service; and our total of a hundred and seventeen millions represents little more sea power than Germany with her total of fifty-three millions. The cheap soldiers and cheap labor of our rivals put us at a disadvantage in our ascent of the international ladder.

Our army expenses rose from \$28,146,880 to \$99,361,209, or 253 per cent; Japan's from \$4,823,360 to \$19,747,870, or 309 per cent; Great Britain's by 59 per cent, Germany's by 55 per cent, and even little Belgium's by 99 per cent. But the tables speak for themselves. They tell us that every Power lives in a glass house. As for Uncle Sam, his habitation is so brittle that he could not safely throw anything harder than a sponge. In percentage of added totals of increase we stand second only to Japan with 493 against 509. Counting our pensions under the head of war expenses, our total is \$357,000,000 annually compared with \$229,000,000 for Germany and \$326,000,000 for Great Britain. Even little Switzerland has increased her war budget by thirty per cent.

Why not end this debauchery of international extravagance? National prejudices answer. They

never languish on the European Continent. England favors disarmament, but selfish interest prompts the high-sounding proposal with which she would embarrass an enemy. Her navy is more than double the strength of Germany's; and Germany is forging ahead faster in wealth and population than herself. To maintain the same ratio, as she suggests, would be to give her permanent command of the sea. The Kaiser refuses the bait. His idea of disarmament would be for England to wait till his own navy reached a size pro-

and all British thoughts are sinister to the Germans watchful for hidden motives of British perfidy.

And this illustrates the mood in which so-called friendly nations approach a so-called peace conference. What The Hague really amounts to is a clearing-house for small differences. A Conference on the Rules of War or on the Etiquette of Slaughter is an apter name than that given it by the Czar.

The climate of Holland is pleasant in summer. A new excuse for international dining is provided; also

a new opportunity for distinguished men to receive high honors. The Conference will be one of the most delightful and exclusive clubs in the world. If peace were really achieved it could rob diplomats of their occupation of preventing war and soldiers of their occupation of waging war. The two professions are here partners in the enterprise of keeping the dove under the eaves in a cooling mood and Infinite Satire in unshaken possession of the speaker's chair.

As each subject for discussion is brought up, the soldier can tell his colleague, the diplomatist, wherein lies the belligerent interest of their common country. Following the methods of State legislators—as they did in the last conference—allies can trade votes and caucus on how they shall work together to gain a point. Every delegate is bound when he talks to the newspaper men—outside under the eaves where the dove presides—to put the onus of bloodthirstiness and inhumanity on his national enemy, or, wanting one, on the Germans.

Some Vital Questions

ANY delegate who wishes to be suspected of insanity and to create a world-wide sensation need only rise and say: "Gentlemen, in the event of war this proposal would be prejudicial to the nation which I represent, but as we come here to sink selfishness, in the name of humanity I will gladly support it."

Whatever is accomplished in the great cause of peace will be due to the insistence of A on certain measures which do not concern him, but which will be disadvantageous to his rival B, who will have to accept them in response to public opinion. If one nation holds out against any proposition, there is no way of enforcing the will of the majority except by making war, which would surely be an inconsistent thing for a peace conference to do.

The larger questions to be considered at The Hague were either left over from the first conference or revealed by the Russo-Japanese war.

None of the experts of the first conference fully foresaw the danger which was the most startling development of the defense of Port Arthur. Two Japanese battleships—the only two they lost—and one Russian battleship were sunk by mines. Togo had to give up approaching the harbor at all with his big ships. Afterward the mines floated about the Gulf of Pechili. Some merchantmen were sunk and how many Chinese junks went down history will never record.

To what extent, then, may a belligerent go in endangering the public pathway of neutral vessels? As an example, might France litter the British Channel with mines if she were at war with Germany, while England, engaged on neither side, wanted her shipping to proceed as usual?



THE RITTERSAL AT THE HAGUE, WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE IS IN SESSION

portionate to Germany's importance. To the cheers of the music halls the British Admiralty lays down another *Dreadnought* in order to frustrate Prussian wickedness.

Oh, Germany is bad, very bad. She ought to be licked, all the British and French doves agree. But no one volunteers. Only the miraculous vigilance of the British press scotching all plots has kept the German army from arriving in London some morning with the milk trains and vegetable wagons. Wordy abuse fills the air of the North Sea. Von Buelow's every sneeze has some lurking Anglophobic object;

"To any extent you please," says the nation with a harbor to defend.

"Not at all," answers the neutral. France having little commerce and being, generally speaking, on the defensive, would favor an unrestricted field, while England, which would strike with her powerful fleet away from home, would take a contrary view.

There is, too, the problem of the declaration of war, which means literally shouting "Ready!" to the other fellow in order to legalize the murder on both sides. It is an ancient custom, like the buttons on the forepart of the sleeves of some army uniforms—which were put there in the days when the King was trying to accustom the troops to the innovation of handkerchiefs—and owes its origin to the challenges which passed between knights before they engaged. Modern utilitarianism has improved on it, as it has on most polite usages.

The Japanese torpedo-boats went among the Russian ships lying outside of Port Arthur before the Russian officers aboard knew that war had begun. Some matter-of-fact soldiers say that declaration is altogether an obsolete form and of no more practical purpose than an overnight telegram delivered after the news it contained is received by letter. War will begin when one side fires on the other and, having watched each other through the weeks of breaking negotiations and having listened impatiently over the telegraph wires, neither will have any excuse for being taken unawares.

Certain peace idealists suggest a thirty days' wait after the declaration before beginning hostilities. Apparently they think that the two sides might cool down or die of suspense. By this plan President Roosevelt could press a button opening the game at a certain hour. But the suggestion is ridiculous and impracticable. Once they knew that war was inevitable the adversaries would be bound to exchange shots in sparing for position. A declaration seems the right thing, though it comes after the event. Nations under the leadership of presidents and kings ought to be as decent in their formalities as prize-fighters. Even the matador salutes the bull before the assassination, though probably the courtesy is lost on the bull.

Why War is Hell

ANOTHER question is what really constitutes contraband of war. Every one agrees that arms and ammunition are. Is cotton, is kerosene, is coal, is food, is lumber, is anything that may assist the enemy in any form or manner whatsoever if it comes into his possession?

"No!" says the man with goods to sell.

"Yes, anything that is going to your enemy's ports is contraband. Starving out your enemy is just as lawful as shooting him to pieces," says the belligerent maintaining a blockade.

So the Japanese decided. A besieged city may have ammunition but not food enough to hold out, when holding out even a week longer may decide the fate of the war. No one will deny that if the fall of Port Arthur had been delayed two or three weeks the Japanese would never have taken Mukden. One shipload of material would have cheered the garrison to the further effort which would have saved Kuropatkin from his final defeat. Has a belligerent a right to sink a neutral ship which he thinks is on the way with merchandise to the enemy? Shall he hesitate, even if he is in doubt about her purpose, when taking the time to convoy her to a home port might mean that another contraband ship could pass over the route he is patrolling?

On the score of humanity toward prisoners and wounded and non-combatants there is need for little further regulation. War can not be more humanely fought than it was both in South Africa and Manchuria. Necessity and not intention is responsible for the infrequent breaking of rules. Gunners can not always tell whether field hospitals and ambulance wagons are under their shells. Often they have not the alternative of discrimination, and sometimes they are suspicious that the Red Cross flag is being abused. Artillery always must and will fire at the spot where it locates the enemy's guns, regardless of all conditions.

Nor is there any way to prevent firing on the wounded on some occasions. In a night attack at close quarters you must, in self-defense, try to kill any human being in the enemy's uniform who is moving. There is no time for examination of witnesses and a judgment by the court. A critical point in the lines may be at stake, and the issue may be decided in a few minutes. The defender who is only slightly wounded would not be red-blooded if he did not go on firing, and while he does he is still a belligerent.

In regulating naval warfare lies the greatest danger of the conference defeating its object by adopting too many rules. On the sea, where the destiny of the world is to be decided, he who is master will ever make regulations to suit himself. There is no clause laid down by The Hague which the British navy could not afford to break and probably would break in case of national danger. The expectation of obedience to regulations under conditions which make compliance humanly impossible may lead neutral nations into a popular outburst of passion that will force them into the struggle in which they would not otherwise have engaged.

"War is hell!" remarked General Sherman, as you

have doubtless heard before. But probably you have not heard that, in private conversation, the General qualified his maxim to mean if you were beaten. The good soldier does not propose to be beaten. Mighty responsibilities command the officer to kill first and think of The Hague afterward.

Killing Power Means Peace

THE greater the power for slaughter unquestionably the less likelihood of war. And this brings up the question of the use of dynamite, from balloons. The first conference adopted a time-prohibitive clause which has since lapsed. Its passage was due to the fact that no Power had developed a good dirigible balloon, and a suspicion by each that some of its rivals might have succeeded better in secret than itself. Now that several have brought their experiments to a practical stage, which means a positive asset in killing, they take a different view. Besides, each thinks that he may have a better system than the others. Dropping explosives from a balloon is the precise counterpart on land of mines on the sea, which killed outright or

that the object is worth gaining, beside which the old-time charge with the band playing was sheer animal impulse. The campaign for glory which painters illustrate is forever past. We are fighting by measuring the length of our swords without coming to blows. Each change in the ratios of physical strength means a readjustment of the Powers which the prestidigitators of the foreign offices watch with concentrated gaze. The game is played with all the cards on the table; and that is the kind of game least likely to require the use of firearms.

In the battle of the budgets some nations have gained victories no less important because they were bloodless. The winners in the last decade were the United States, Germany, and Japan. England occupies a special position. She seems to be content to leave well enough alone.

In France, thanks to the patriotism of German mothers in bringing soldiers and producers into the world, the ambition for "revenge" is as dead as the Presidential ambition in the breast of David B. Hill. But with her army and navy she can command friendships to safeguard her frontier. She now joins Austria

as a defensive factor. Both are too preoccupied at home to consider a march southward. Therefore Italy has ceased to compete in the contest of armies and increases her navy to protect her seacoast. Russia, once a check on Germany, has been forced to halt in military expansion. She has vast populations, but lacks cohesion, funds, and organized productive power to keep up the pace which Alexander III set for her.

Germany, undisturbed by any third factor, could march to Vienna or to Paris; she could take German Austria or the Russian Baltic provinces. So the others form line against her, and the sum of their arms wins without a shot a victory as important as that of the allies against Napoleon. Unless the tenor of modern thought changes, no blood will be shed for sentiment or glory on the Continent of Europe. War will come with a change of the balance of power or the effort of Germany to get room for her increasing population and a field for her broadening efficiency, or when England resists any threat of losing her naval supremacy. Such an eventuality belongs to future generations. There is no need of a Peace Conference in order to keep the peace from Gibraltar to the Baltic.

A Coming Battleground

THE great nations will fight away from home if they fight at all in our time. Stalemate on the Continent of Europe does not mean stalemate in the Far East, which is the future battleground of the world. There a great movement is in progress; there is the awakening of peoples who have yet to find themselves by the compass of war. Japan is strong and ambitious. Russia, fulfilling the destiny of her development, must press eastward. In any clash that comes the United States as a Pacific Power is interested. We stand between the policy of remaining at home or stretching our muscles to our full strength, which would mean fifty battleships. It is the fact that we might build the fifty that makes us respected—not Monohon Conferences or brilliant expositions of the Monroe Doctrine.

We are peaceful. Oh, yes, very. We would vote unanimously that we were. So would the other nations. On a proposition to build no more battleships we would vote No. So would the other nations. Therefore will the soldier delegates as they feed crumbs to the dove smile under their mustaches. They know that war will end at about the same time as animal life on this planet. It is the final expression of national entity. If you look down the list of nations you will find that it is the miserable and the unprogressive which have practised disarmament. Populations festering in degeneracy believe in the gospel of the white liver, the dragging step, and the fatty brain rather than the doctrine of the Big Stick. The anemic Koreans standing by the wayside as the Japanese army passed used to remark in a petulant, abstract, superior manner that it was rude and unfair to rob an ancient people of their country. Venezuela has small army appropriations, but heavy "extraordinary war taxes." The countries showing the largest increases in armament are the countries in which human organization is at its highest, in which the percentage of illiteracy is the lowest, and which lead the way in morals, culture, art, invention, scientific discovery, and every form of progress.

A strong arm and a sweet and reasonable temper form a golden rule for nations as well as men. If we had not had a strong arm, then Cuba would not have been freed, and if we had not had a sweet and reasonable temper she might have only been delivered from one master to receive another. The eradication of the yellow fever from Havana, the redemption of Egypt to prosperity and order, the schools at Khartum, the dam at Assouan, a common-school system in the Philippines, the awakening of China, and the opening of Japan could never have been brought about by peace conferences. These reforms are the products of a positive agency in a positive and material world. When Maxim invented a rapid-fire gun with which a pale unit of civilized society could mow down a company of Fuzzy Wuzzies it was a triumph for progress. Modern war, so largely waged with the intellect, has inherent humanities far outstripping the mercies of the Red Cross. It gives strength to those who know how best to use it for the good of the world.

INCREASE OF THE LEADING NAVIES

	1897	1907 (est.)	Increase	Percentage of Increase
United States	\$34,561,546	\$117,550,308	\$72,988,752	240 per cent
Germany	13,843,000	53,734,304	39,891,304	288 " "
Great Britain	110,850,000	181,150,000	70,300,000	63 " "
Japan	3,995,402	11,977,632	8,012,230	200 " "
France	47,434,347	65,007,041	18,662,694	36 " "
Russia	42,637,500	52,039,703	9,392,203	22 " "
Italy	18,992,309	53,450,568	34,458,259	184 " "
Total	\$272,284,104	\$534,909,556	\$262,625,452	92 " "

INCREASE OF THE LEADING ARMIES

	1897	1907 (est.)	Increase	Percentage of Increase
United States	\$28,146,886	\$99,361,209	\$71,214,313	253 per cent
Germany	119,768,500	175,505,000	55,736,500	55 " "
Great Britain	91,000,000	144,920,000	53,920,000	59 " "
Japan	4,823,360	19,747,870	14,924,510	309 " "
France	138,486,961	163,369,354	24,882,393	18 " "
Russia	158,725,000	188,210,900	29,485,900	12 " "
Belgium	9,676,000	18,999,300	9,323,300	99 " "
Austria-Hungary	70,000,000	149,000,000	79,000,000	112 " "
Italy	53,450,568	53,209,000	(Decrease)	
Total	\$674,077,275	\$1,012,252,633	\$338,175,358	50 " "

INCREASE OF COMMERCE OF LEADING NATIONS

	1896	1905-1906	Increase	Percentage of Increase
United States	\$1,642,955,161	(1905) \$2,609,257,711	\$966,291,550	59 per cent
Germany	2,077,943,250	(1905) 3,184,750,000	1,106,806,750	48 " "
Great Britain	3,409,572,475	(1906) 4,476,514,345	1,066,941,870	30 " "
Japan	144,758,617	(1905) 404,850,000	260,091,383	180 " "
Russia	1,279,100,000	(1905) 1,629,103,000	350,003,000	27 " "
Italy	445,066,273	(1904) 702,190,876	257,124,603	58 " "

INCREASE OF POPULATION OF LEADING NATIONS (ESTIMATED)

	1897	1907	Increase	Percentage of Increase
Great Britain	39,500,000	43,000,000	3,500,000	8 per cent
United States	72,000,000	85,000,000	13,000,000	19 " "
Germany	54,000,000	66,000,000	12,000,000	22 " "
France	38,000,000	39,500,000	1,500,000	4 " "
Austria-Hungary	43,000,000	46,500,000	3,500,000	8 " "
Italy	31,500,000	34,700,000	3,200,000	10 " "
Belgium	6,550,000	7,000,000	450,000	7 " "
Japan	43,250,000	50,000,000	6,750,000	15 " "
Russia	129,000,000	143,000,000	14,000,000	11 " "

drowned most of the crews of the *Hatsuse* and the *Petropavlovsk* in a few minutes. Its terror lies in its novelty. The medieval nations, which used to rape women and give no quarter, adopted an agreement against the use of that ghastly innovation, chain-shot. We, who refuse even to tie prisoners together and care for the enemy's wounded before our own, think nothing of grape and canister, which mangle and tear their victims.

Modern Victories Without Bloodshed

THE sooner an inventor finds a power by which all the fortifications of a port or an army corps can be destroyed at a blow, the better. It is the position and the power of modern weapons of destruction which is responsible for the universal peace which exists in the world to-day. The French, German, and Austrian armies now number few among their officers who have had a baptism of fire. The Peace Conference meets without a single war cloud on the horizon. The great European nations no longer enter lightly into war as they did in the old days of small, swashbuckling armies. Popular education is common, public opinion is keen, and wood pulp is cheap. The old maxim that every generation must have its war is obsolete. European youth work off their bravado as conscripts on the drill grounds. The population who furnish the cannon food are not inclined to risk their lives and incur increased taxation without cause. No cabinet is going to the lengths of an ultimatum unless the people are with it. For war to-day more than it ever was before is a captain's and a private's fight; and to face the zipping of unseen bullets coming from smokeless rifles requires the backbone of a determined conviction

THE PRICE OF PEACE

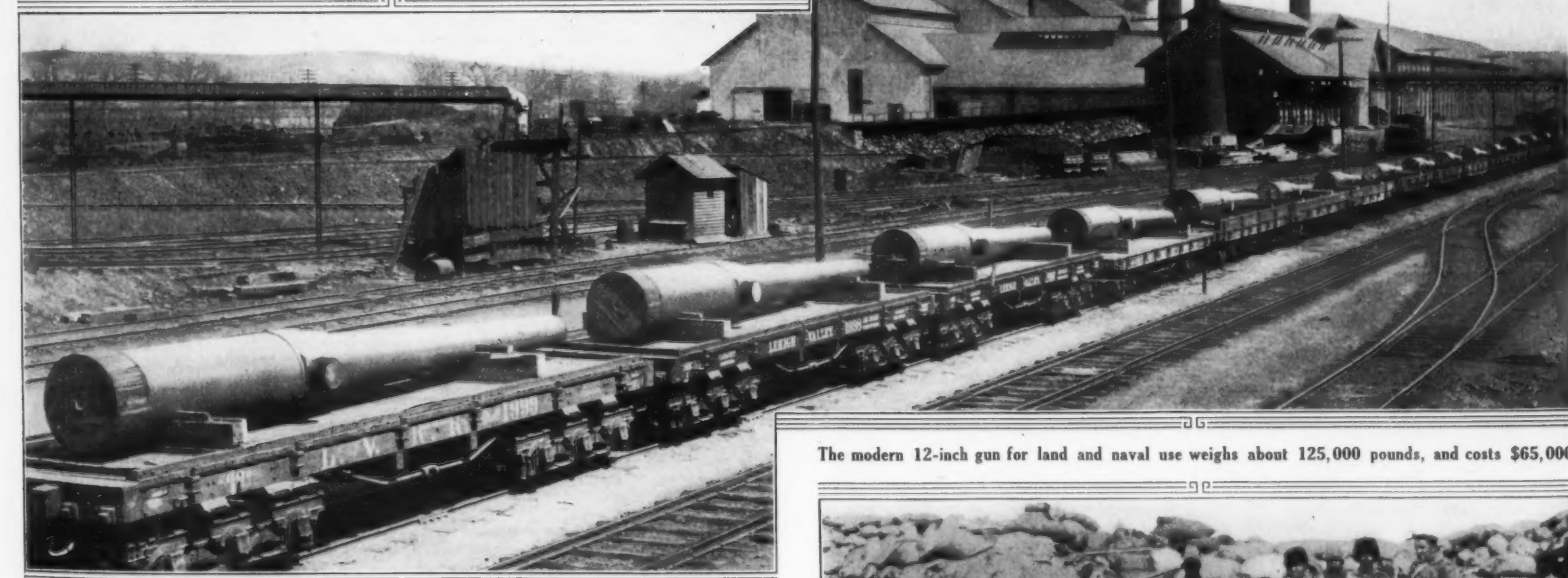
FACTS AND FIGURES TO BE KEPT IN MIND BY THE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE



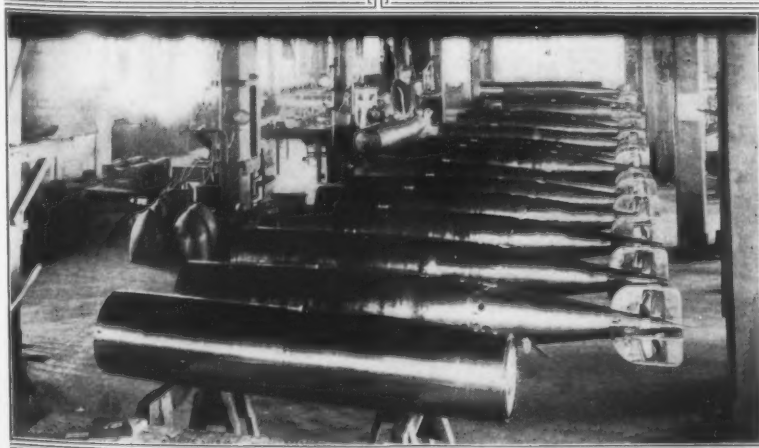
General Nogi's compliments to General Stoessel—A field of five hundred shells for use in the eighteen 11-inch mortars at the siege of Port Arthur—Cost, \$400 for each discharge



Over \$200,000 was spent by the Japanese on mortar batteries at Port Arthur



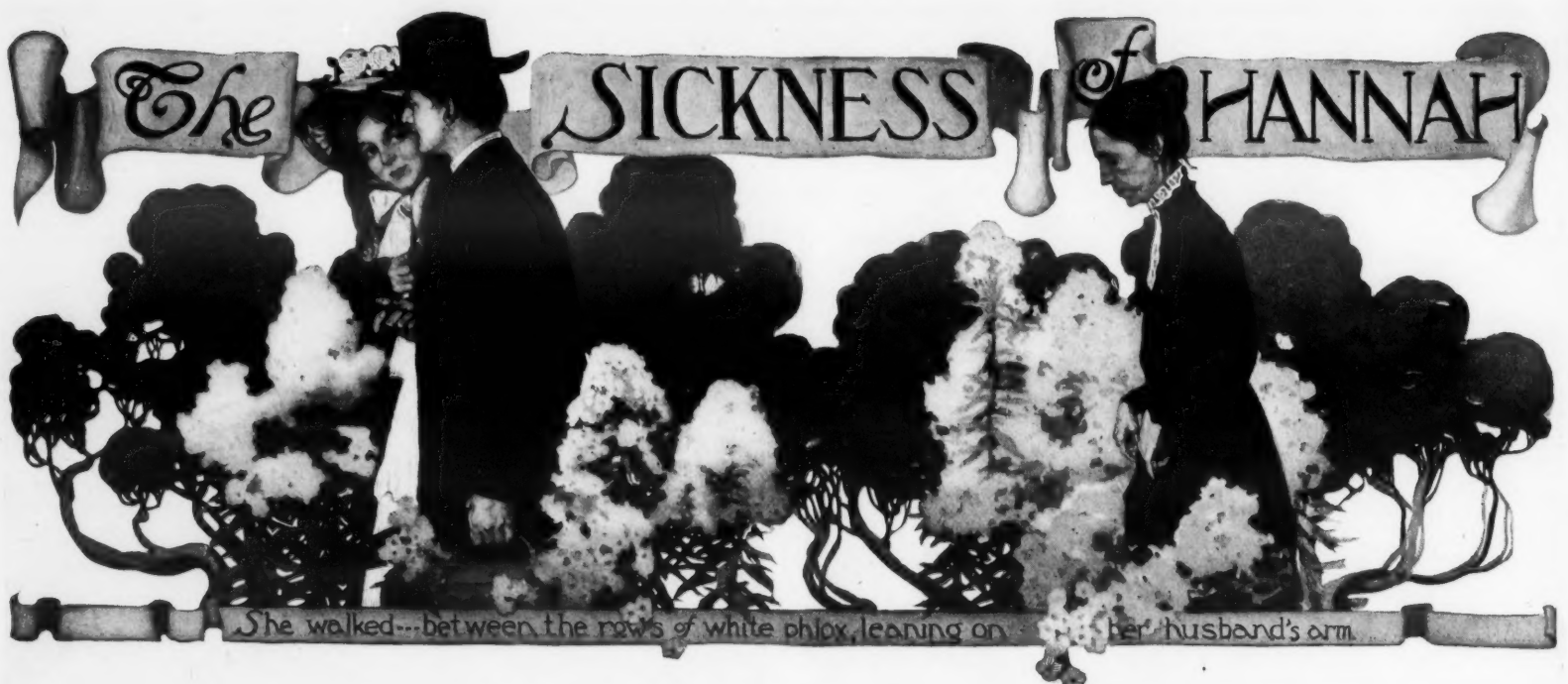
Sixteen modern long-range, high-power cannon leaving the grounds of the Bethlehem Steel Works—These flat cars carry more than a million dollars' worth of destructive steel



Torpedoes in the making—The modern torpedo costs more than \$5,000—Each of the forty torpedo-boats in our navy carries at least six, and each battleship two



Two hundred Japanese dead buried in one grave—In a single assault on Port Arthur 25,000 Japanese casualties were reported; at the battle of Mukden the Russians lost 27,700 killed



BY LUCRETIA D. CHAPP

"IT DON'T jest seem as if I ought to go 'way an' leave you here all alone, Hannah." Harriet paused in the fine seam she was sewing and looked up into her sister's face. Her light-blue eyes had a questioning look. "It don't seem jest right, after all you've done for me."

Hannah finished basting the hem of the white muslin skirt she was working on before she answered her sister. She sat perfectly erect in her straight chair. She sewed rapidly, yet without the least effect of hurrying, setting her needle stiffly into the goods and drawing it through in a way that always astonished Harriet.

"I don't want you should think a thing 'bout that now. I reckon I can git along all right. I've managed to take care of the two of us all these years, an' I ruther guess I can take care of myself after you're gone." Hannah's voice had in it the hardness of adamant, but she did not look at her sister.

"'Twan't that I was thinkin' of so much. Course I know you can git along--'tain't that--but-- Seem's as though it might be lonesome here in this big house--alone--an' winter comin' on, too." Harriet paused. A slow pink flush crept into her delicate face. "But then I ain't goin' so far but what mebbe I can come home now an' then, if anythin' should happen."

"Happen--well, I don't know as there's anythin' goin' to happen. There's all them potatoes an' apples to see to, an' all them little new-hatched chickens to keep alive, beside the rugs I promised to braid fer Mis' White, to say nothin' of all the other inside work. I guess that's 'bout all that'll happen this winter."

Hannah rose and shook out the folds of the muslin skirt. "I reckon you can't be a runnin' home here every whiptitch, neither. William ain't got any too much as 'tis. I guess I better run this hem up on the machine, then I can take the tuck in it. You wa'n't never much of a hand at seamin', anyway."

The pink flush in Harriet's face deepened. She drew her needle gently in and out, bending her head quite low till her long fair curls almost brushed her hand. She had on a light pink dress. It was open at the throat, and her slender neck rose from it like the stem of a flower. Her hair was done up in a soft knot and fell on either side of her face in long light curls. Her face was delicately sensitive, and her hands were long and white and blue-veined. She rocked gently back and forth as she sewed.

Hannah sat grimly erect. Her back made a perfectly parallel line with that of her chair. Her dull, reddish-brown hair was drawn tightly into a knot at the back of her head and brought smoothly down on either side of a straight part. Her face was long like Harriet's, but without any of its color or delicacy. The same severity that characterized her hair was shown in her gown. It was of dark calico made with a perfectly plain-fitting waist, and with scarcely any fulness in the skirt. She was not so tall as Harriet, but she carried herself with a certain almost defiant air.

The two sisters sewed on, Harriet with a gentle persistence, all through the hot August afternoon. The breeze came in pleasantly through the open window, the thin white muslin curtains blew softly in and out. There were long dark patches across the fields where the shadows of the sun fell. Far beyond, darkly blue, rose the New England hills.

The Sawyer homestead was a large, square, flat-roofed structure, set in the midst of pasture lands and orchards. There was a lattice-work porch over the front door, and a tall oak tree that cast its leaf-shadows across the western corner of the house. There were some bushes in the front yard, and a small round bed of sweet alyssum and mignonette. Just beneath the parlor windows was a bed of verbenas. A path bordered with rows of white phlox led down to the gate, and beyond that stretched the long, dusty country road. At the rear was a patch of garden. There were

tall beanpoles, and almost hidden beneath a tangled mass of vines were ripe-red tomatoes and yellow squashes.

The whole place had about it an air of comfort and prosperity. Hannah had, combined with her woman's thrift and shrewdness, a man's ability to carry on and direct. Years before she had stepped into the niche her father's death made vacant. He had been a stern, hard-working man, unyielding and unrelenting in many ways, yet always kind. He had left a neat little sum in the bank, the reward of all those years of grim toil, enough and more than enough to keep the sisters the rest of their lives. But with that pride and tenacity of purpose that is the best part of a New England inheritance, and that permits of not so much as a hairbreadth of dalliance from the path of duty, Hannah had worked on unceasingly through all the years that followed. The greater portion of the farm, the best meadow and pasture land, had been let. The remainder Hannah carried on with the aid of a boy, David, whose orphaned life she had tried to make a little less desolate.

Mrs. Sawyer had been a frail, delicate woman. She had died when Harriet was a baby. Harriet had inherited her mother's gentle, clinging nature and something of her ill-health. She had none of Hannah's strength of character or purpose. She had no convictions. Had she possessed any she would never have had the courage of them.

Their life, narrow and uneventful, had gone on in the old home, much as it had always done; Hannah stern and set as her own encircling hills; Harriet meekly trustful and obeying. They saw but few people. Some of the neighbors came in occasionally, but they never stayed long. There was a good deal of harmless talk and gossip in the village. People passing by the old place on summer afternoons and happening to glance up between the rows of white phlox, had often seen a figure in pale blue sprigged muslin, with long fair curls drooping about a delicately pointed face, sitting in the shade of the lattice-work porch, bending over a dainty bit of needlework; and, a little beyond in the garden, another figure in dark calico, with an old straw hat and stiff, unyielding back, pulling up the weeds. And the passer-by, usually a woman, never failed to call out shrilly:

"How d'y'e do, Hannah? Ain't your sister very well to-day?" And Hannah, with a still greater stiffening of body, would answer defiantly: "She's real well, thank you," and go on with her weeding.

Once about six months before Harriet had asked to go to a church entertainment in the village. She and Hannah had always gone regularly to meeting on Sunday, but they had never entered into any of the social gaieties of the village. A church entertainment was different, however, and Harriet had begged so hard to be allowed to go that the older woman finally relented.

On the night in question Hannah, in her best black dress, sat through the evening and watched Harriet's delicate face blossom forth like a flower, as she listened to the conversation of a young man who had been quick to notice her when she came in, and who had kept at her side throughout the entire evening. The color came and went in her cheeks. There was a light in her eyes half-glad, half-afraid. Hannah in her corner watched her. Once Harriet looked over at her, but she turned again almost immediately to her companion. In that half-unconscious gaze Harriet had been dimly aware of something, so faint and impalpable it might have been but a shadow, that had seemed to flit for an instant across her sister's face.

Both Hannah and Harriet knew this young man, William Archer, as well as they knew any one in the village. They had seen him always on Sundays at meeting. His seat was just across from theirs. Often Harriet had been conscious of a pair of eyes fixed steadily on her face, and Hannah looking sharply at

her had seen the faint pink that crept into her cheeks. Once when they came out of meeting he had asked Harriet if he might walk home with her. She looked up timidly at her sister, but Hannah was looking neither to the right nor the left. And the two walked their half-mile alone and in silence.

To-night when the entertainment was over, Harriet came over to her sister and whispered something in her ear. For a minute the older woman hesitated. Harriet's glowing face was very near her own. She could feel her soft, quick breath on her cheek. Then she nodded her head in assent. All the way home Hannah walked a few steps in advance of Harriet and William. Once she looked back. The moonlight fell full on Harriet's upturned face. She wore a soft fleecy fascinator tied over her curls. She had hold of the young man's arm. When they reached the gate Hannah turned once more. "Good night," she said abruptly. Then she and Harriet went into the house.

The next Sunday night there was a fire lighted in the front room. Hannah sat out in the kitchen alone. She could hear William's voice, and now and then her sister's with its gently rising inflection. Out of doors the winter snow lay deep and the winter wind had in it a note of melancholy.

That was in February. It was August now, and in September William and Harriet were to be married. William had been offered a position in a large, thriving town, some little distance away, and had accepted it. There had been little said between the two sisters as to Harriet's leaving the old place. Hannah had worked, if possible, harder than ever.

On this afternoon it seemed to Harriet that her seam was unusually long. It was very warm. Once she paused, and her eyes wandered off to the distant hills. "You'd better be at that seam," Hannah's voice broke sharply in on her reverie, "it's 'most supper time now, an' you'd ought to finish that to-night."

When it began to be half-past five Hannah rose and folded up her work. She went out into the kitchen, made the fire, and put on the tea-kettle.

After supper was over and the things cleared away, Harriet seated herself once more at the window and took up her work. She sewed steadily until it began to grow dusk. The breeze came in through the window, bringing with it the smell of sweet-scented lanes. The air was filled with that rustling and twittering that presages the long night silence of the tree-people. The hills grew farther and farther away. When it grew too dark to see Hannah brought in the lamp. David had taken his candle and gone to bed. At half-past eight Hannah locked up the house and put out the lamp. Then taking up their candles from the kitchen shelf she and Harriet went upstairs to bed.

In September Harriet and William were married. The day of the wedding dawned with a light mist resting on the hills. The air held in it a faint intangible something as of departing summer. In the early morning Harriet, standing in the doorway, watched the mystery of the day unfold itself. She felt, while she could not put it into words, its symbolism in her own life.

Hannah was at work in the kitchen. There was much to be done, and she moved about with a great rattling of dishes and pans, and with what seemed to Harriet a great deal of unnecessary vigor. It disturbed her somehow, she could not have told why.

In the early afternoon Hannah helped her to dress up in the north bedroom. She said little, but it seemed to Harriet that she smoothed the folds of the simple white wedding-gown a great many times. As she looked into the thin old face she noted for the first time that it was drawn and careworn, all its lines pitifully accentuated. She felt a sharp ache at her heart, and with it came a desire to put her arms about her and lay her head down on her shoulder. This older sister was the only mother she had ever known, and she had been good to her in

her reserved, undemonstrative way. With a sudden gesture she raised both slender arms.

"However do you expect me to fasten this dress, Harriet," Hannah's voice brought her back to herself, "an' you with your arms over your head? Do put 'em down where they b'long." And Harriet obeyed.

She was married late in the afternoon, but it was dusk when she went away. She walked down the front path between the rows of white phlox, leaning on her husband's arm. Hannah followed slowly, holding up her black skirt carefully with both hands to keep it free from dust. William's horse and buggy were tied to a tree just outside the gate. The air was fresh and sweet, filled with bird-calls and the hum of winged insects. Hannah stood at the gate and watched William untie the horse and turn out the buggy. Harriet with one foot on the step looked up piteously at her sister.

"You ain't left nothin', hev' you, Harriet?" Hannah came and stood close to the wheel. Harriet with a sudden movement stooped and kissed the thin lips. She almost shrank at their coldness. It was the first time in her life she remembered ever to have kissed her sister. Hannah's had been a protecting, shielding love, but with none of love's tendernesses nor caresses. As Harriet raised her head she thought she saw something cross the older woman's face; the same faint shadow she had seen once before the night of the church entertainment. It was gone almost instantly, and she had forgotten it the next moment as William helped her into the buggy and took the seat beside her. Then he leaned over the wheel and shook hands with Hannah. As they drove off Harriet looked back and waved to the old figure standing at the gate. Then the long dusty road, beginning to grow gray with night's shadows, hid them from sight.

For a long time Hannah stood there. The night came slowly down. Over in the west the hills were darkly outlined against the sky. The frogs were croaking in the meadow-pond back of the house. Now and then came the call, sharply tremulous, of some lonely night-bird. And over all the scent of sweet alyssum and mignonette.

She turned presently and went back up between the rows of white phlox and into the house. All the erectness seemed to have gone out of her figure; she seemed to have grown suddenly old. Going into the kitchen, she lighted the two candles that stood on the shelf, and with one in each hand climbed slowly up the stairs. At the door of Harriet's room she paused. Then she pushed it open and went in. She set the one candle down on the dresser and looked about her. There was the bed with its unpressed pillows, and on a chair near it the dress, a faded pink muslin, that Harriet had taken off that afternoon when she put on her wedding gown. In the little oval mirror above the dresser she saw the reflection of Harriet's pale, delicate features in their frame of fair curls. The flickering flame of the candle showed her her own face drawn and old, and tired. Once long ago, she, too, had had a lover, and there had been nights when the fire in the best room had been lighted and her own voice had been heard in gently rising inflections. And then had come the silence of all these years, with not so much as a faded flower or a lock of hair. Love had come and had gone, just as everything else in her life. Surprised now and almost startled at these ghosts of half-forgotten memories she had called forth from the graves of the years, she gave one last look about her; then she blew out the candle on the dresser and went out, closing the door behind her.

It was a year in September since Harriet went away. She had not once been back to the old home. Every week David went to the village and brought back a letter directed to Hannah in a delicate, pointed handwriting. Hannah always turned it over and looked at it several times before she broke the seal. It was as though she hated to end in so short a time the anticipation of a week. And always she answered the letters, sitting down at the table and writing laboriously in her cramped hand.

The winter had been a long one; one of those snow-bound, ice-fettered winters that only New England knows. Hannah worked on silently. She seemed to shrink more and more into herself. Through the short afternoons she sat alone by the west window, braiding rugs and looking out across white, stainless fields of snow. In the long evenings, after their early supper was over, she sat with David beside the kitchen fire, knitting with a ceaseless click of the needles, and oftentimes long after David had taken his candle and gone to bed.

With the spring days came the work in the fields and in the garden. Hannah toiled steadily on through the long, hot, silent days. July came and August. The birds built their nests in the old tree at the corner of the house; the verbenas flaunted their colors beneath the parlor windows; the air was fragrant with sweet alyssum and mignonette. Regularly once a week David went into the village and came back with the weekly letter from Harriet. She was well and happy, but she never spoke of coming home.

And so the seasons came and went with their full complement of days and weeks, and again the September haze rested on the far hills. There were patches of pale goldenrod along the road, clumps of purple asters, and the soft, pinkish-white plumes of meadow-sweet.

One evening after supper, just a year from the day Harriet was married, Hannah stood at the gate looking down the road. Her thin, old shoulders drooped pitifully. A September moon hung in the heavens, and the night was darkly sweet. The long road was flecked with shadows. A little vagrant breeze sprang up from somewhere.

For a long time the old woman stood there, as though waiting for an answer from the all-encompassing night to some unspoken, crying need of her own soul. With all the silent heart-hunger of the past year came a sudden leaping sense of something new—a fierce, rebellious longing that would not be stifled. Its terrible insistence, its very alienism, set every nerve and sense a-quiver. She turned tremblingly and went back up the path to the house. The bushes in the yard were all a blurred, indistinguishable mass; the rows of white phlox, like pale ghosts, brushed against her skirts. She reached the front door, opened it, and went into the house.

The next morning Hannah did not get up at the usual time. When David came in from the barn he found the kitchen stove black and cold and the room empty. He looked about him a moment bewildered. Then he sat down in Hannah's rocking-chair to wait. Gradually as the gray dawn receded things took their familiar form and substance. The sun climbed higher and higher. Presently he rose and went hesitatingly up the stairs. At the door of Hannah's room he paused. Then he pushed it open and went in. Hannah lay very still in her bed. Her eyes were closed, but she opened them as David stepped into the middle of the room. The sunlight that poured in at the window brought out every line in her face.

Thoughts diffused themselves somewhat slowly through David's brain. "You sick?" he began presently. Hannah nodded her head. She did not speak. David stood perfectly still looking at her. She had closed her eyes again. Then he turned and went back

William could not get away. She came into Hannah's room and, crossing over to the bed, stooped and kissed her lips. The touch, the sweet, warm face bending over her, seemed to send a quiver through Hannah's whole body.

"Where is it you feel bad, Hannah?" Harriet's voice had in it a gentle pity.

Hannah shrank back among the pillows. "I—I don't know 's I can tell," she began, and her voice was strange.

Harriet straightened up and pushed back her curls. She looked younger than she did when she was married. The color in her cheeks had deepened to a healthier glow, her eyes were almost luminous. All the rest of that day she sat by Hannah's side holding her hand and talking to her in her low, pleasant voice of all the petty routine of the past year. She was glad to be at home again. She told Hannah so over and over again. And Hannah listened, saying little, only keeping her eyes on her sister's face with a look in them that was new to Harriet. She seemed perfectly content, perfectly satisfied to lie there with no thought, apparently, but of the present moment.

Harriet stepped back into her accustomed place in the household. It seemed strange to her not to have Hannah about to take the lead in things. She had noted, with a sudden sharp sense of pain, that her sister had grown old in the year she had been away. She lay in her bed, a little thin, helpless figure. She seemed to suffer no pain anywhere. She took the old-fashioned remedies that Harriet brewed for her without a word. The younger woman could not understand this new, unwonted softness of manner—this clinging that was almost pathetic. Had Harriet been keener of perception, perhaps, she would have seen that Hannah's eyes, as they followed her constantly about the room, had in them at times an almost exultant look, then again they had a shrinking, almost hunted look. As the days went by she began to grow restless. Still she made no movement to get up.

One afternoon when Harriet had been there about three weeks, she left the room a few moments while she went downstairs after a drink of water. Hannah had not spoken for some time, but her eyes followed her to the door. Something in their gaze caused Harriet to turn back. She went over to the bed. "What is it, Hannah?" she said gently. "Nothin'," Hannah responded, and Harriet went on out of the room.

When she came back she found her sister up and sitting in a chair by the window. She had thrown a little old shawl about her shoulders, and she was sitting bending forward, her hands on her knees.

"Why, Hannah," Harriet began, but the other silenced her almost fiercely.

"Don't you say one word, Harriet. Don't you say one thing 'til I git through. Then you can say all you're a mind to. I've got somethin' to tell you, an' I'm a goin' to tell it. I didn't know as ever I could, but I can't stan' it no longer. Harriet, I lied to you. I took sick a purpose."

She leaned farther forward in her chair, her hands clasping the little old shawl closer about her shoulders. Her voice had risen almost to a wail. Harriet, frightened and uncomprehending, stood perfectly still in the middle of the room.

"I don't know what you'll say to me, Harriet. It came over me all on a sudden, one night to do it. It was just a year to the day you was married. You hadn't ever once ben home. I thought 's how if you knew I was sick, mebbe you'd think you could come. It all came to me, jest as clear as could be. I never stopped once to think. It come so sudden it 'most took my breath away. I hadn't ever done such a thing before in my whole life. I ain't never told a lie, Harriet, 's long 's I've lived. I couldn't think o' nothin' else but jest seein' you. I went right back into the house. I was 'most afraid to go to bed. I kept tryin' to make myself think I'd ben sent down to the gate a purpose. I never slept a mite, an' the next mornin' I didn't git up. I knew David 'd git word to you some way. I lay right here in bed an' seem'd 's though I couldn't wait 'til you come. I kep' a sayin' over an' over to myself: 'I don't care—I don't care.' I wasn't goin' to let on I thought there was anythin' wrong in it. And then one day after you'd ben here a while it come over me I'd got to tell. It most seem'd 's though I couldn't bear to know what you'd think o' me. But I did it, Harriet, I did it a purpose. I ain't ever done such a thing afore, an' I ain't ever a goin' to do it again. You can go right back to William now. I don't s'pose the Lord 'll ever forgive me, Harriet, an' even if he does I can't never say I'm sorry. I can't seem never to want to take it back. I ain't sorry, Harriet, I've hed you mos' three weeks, an' I ain't sorry."

Her voice was high and shrill. Her little lean body stooped forward. Her eyes were fixed piteously on her sister's face.

The room was very still. Over in the west the short September day was slowly fading. There were bird-calls from tree to tree. With quick steps Harriet crossed the room and knelt down by the side of the chair. She put her strong young arms about the shrinking figure and laid the tired head down on her young, warm, throbbing breast.



Hannah listened, with a look that was new to Harriet

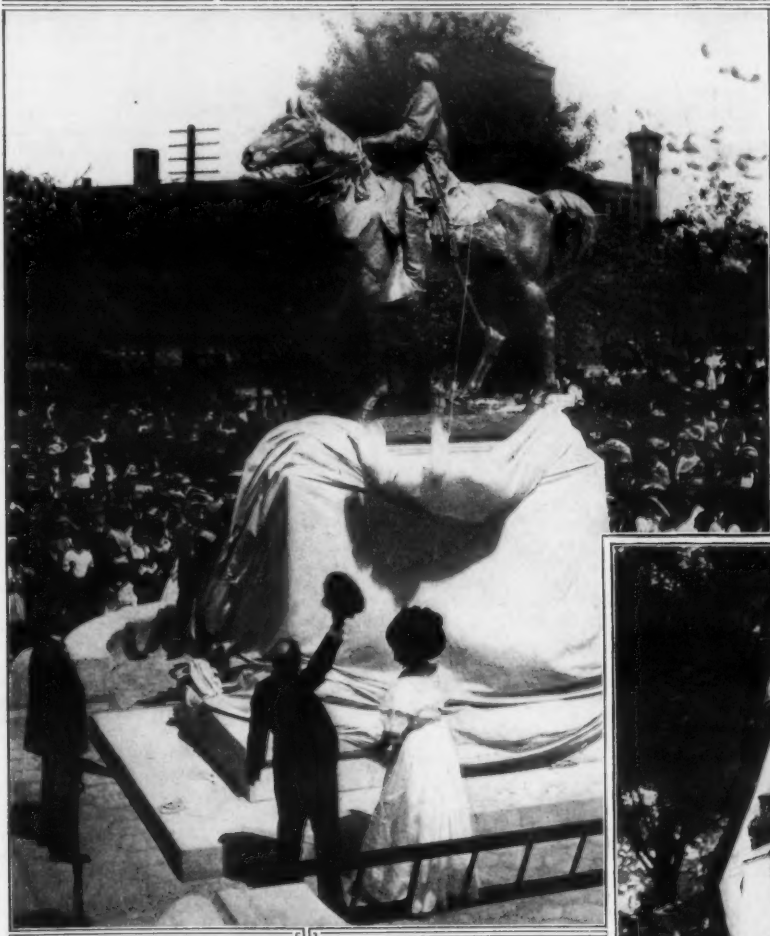
downstairs. In the kitchen he got his hat down off its peg, opened the outside door, and went out across the yard and into the road. There was but one thought in his mind, and that suggested more from habit than anything else—Harriet. He went on down the road to the village. He had no trouble getting some one to write the message.

"Ain't known Hannah Sawyer to be sick in twenty years," remarked a customer at the store. David did not linger, but went back again over the half-mile home.

It was several days before Harriet could get there. Hannah lay quietly in bed. Doctors had never formed a part of her creed, and David attended to her simple wants. Once or twice some of the neighbors came in, but she would see no one. She did not seem to be suffering any. She said very little, but she kept her eyes fixed on the door.

Late one afternoon Harriet came. She was alone.

UNVEILINGS OF MEMORIAL WEEK



Monument to General John B. Gordon, Confederate leader, unveiled at Atlanta on May 25 by his daughter, Mrs. Burton Smith, at whose side in the picture stands Governor Terrell of Georgia



The monument to General J. E. B. Stuart at Richmond. The statue, erected by the Cavalry Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, was unveiled by Stuart's granddaughter on May 30



Statue of Ensign Worth Bagley, the only United States naval officer lost in the Spanish-American war, unveiled at Raleigh, N. C., May 20. Ensign Bagley was killed by a shell on the torpedo-boat "Winslow" in the action off Cardenas



THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT AT RICHMOND

As the closing event of the Confederate reunion, on June 3, Mrs. J. A. Hayes, daughter of Jefferson Davis, unveiled the monument to the President of the Confederacy at the old Southern Capital. Governor Swanson of Virginia and other eminent Southerners spoke



DEDICATING THE LAWTON MONUMENT AT INDIANAPOLIS

On May 30 the President delivered the principal address at the unveiling of the statue to Major-General Henry W. Lawton, veteran of the Civil War, noted Indian fighter and Spanish War veteran, killed while on duty in the Philippines

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

NATIONS IN COUNCIL

THE second Peace Conference at The Hague begins its sessions to-day, under conditions which, though not promising the immediate advent of the millennium, mark a distinct advance over those under which the first conference met eight years ago. Then the whole thing was an experiment, which most "practical" statesmen in Europe ridiculed. The Czar had called the meeting, and the Russian Government was deeply distrusted, not because it was corrupt, incompetent, oppressive, and devoid of popular support at home, as it is now known to have been, but in the quite unfounded belief that it was a dangerous military Power with Machiavellian designs on its neighbors. It did have designs, but not of the sort suspected. Instead of scheming to spring across the unprotected frontiers of Germany or Austria as soon as Europe should have been lured into disarmament, it had the more prosaic desire to save itself the expense of providing its army with new field guns.

Now Russia is no longer dreaded by anybody. The South African dispute which lowered over the Conference of 1899 has been fought out to a finish. Japan, which might have dangerous ambitions, is bound over to keep the peace by financial exhaustion. The formerly threatening Moroccan question has been settled. Sweden and Norway have agreed to part in friendship. England and America have disposed of the Alaskan boundary dispute. The partition of China among the European Powers, which seemed in 1899 to be an impending event fraught with ominous possibilities, has been removed from the field of practical politics. The only Power in the world whose aspirations now cause serious apprehension is Germany, and if her purposes are not peaceful all her statesmen, writers, and other agencies of publicity are engaged in an unexampled conspiracy of deception. Finally, the American Republics, most of which took no part in the first Conference, are well represented to-day.

When the first Hague Conference adjourned it was with the understanding that another would be called to carry on its unfinished work. It was expected that the Czar would call this too, but before the time came to issue the invitations Russia found herself plunged into war with Japan. President Roosevelt was then urged by the Interparliamentary Union to send out the call himself, and he agreed to do so. Accordingly the governments of the various Powers were sounded on the matter, and favorable responses were received from a number of them. Russia welcomed the project, but suggested that the meeting of the Conference should be postponed until after the war with Japan should be over. After the conclusion of the Peace of Portsmouth the President conceded to the Czar the honor of carrying on the work he had begun, and the invitations were accordingly issued by Russia. It was originally intended to hold the Peace Congress last summer, but it was found that this would interfere with the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro. The date was postponed until last autumn, and finally until to-day.

The first Hague Conference established an International Arbitral Tribunal of a diplomatic character. If the new one can transform this body into a true court, sitting permanently and deciding cases on strictly judicial principles, it will have abundantly justified its existence, even if it accomplishes nothing more. If, further, it can regularize its own position, providing for its reassembling at fixed intervals without a special call, it will have

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

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provided mankind with the rudiments of a legislative as well as of a judicial organization for the future "Federation of the World." It is in this direction that it seems likely to be able to do its most fruitful work for peace. It does not seem probable that anything definite can be accomplished at this time in the way of the limitation of armaments, although when the representatives of the Powers are exchanging views face to face some difficulties may disappear. Most of the delegates to the first Conference went there in a skeptical mood, and when they parted they were astonished to find how much they had achieved. Perhaps that experience may be repeated.

IN MEMORY OF DAVIS

THE great Jefferson Davis monument at Richmond was unveiled on June 3 in the physical presence of a vast crowd and the moral presence of the entire South. Business was suspended in many Southern cities while the ceremonies were in progress. The unveiling was performed in connection with the annual reunion of the Confederate Veterans. Mr. William J. Bryan was present as the guest of the veterans, but while he received an enthusiastic welcome everywhere, calls for a speech from him were promptly suppressed as a violation of the non-political character of the occasion.

Although Jefferson Davis can never command the sympathy of opponents as unreservedly as Lee or Stonewall Jackson, the bitterness so long felt toward him in the North has largely disappeared, and the purity of his character has won deserved recognition. During his lifetime he was the victim of that popular injustice that personifies causes and demands scapegoats for unpopular movements. Thus all the accumulated passions of war were concentrated upon the one man whose position made him represent the enemy in the popular mind. He was the lightning rod that drew the Northern wrath from associates who differed from him in nothing but the accident of official station. The people can see more clearly now, and Jefferson Davis is coming to be recognized as representing a type of statesmanship whose austere integrity would be useful in this commercial age, notwithstanding its mistaken views on the great political issues of its time.

RAIL AND POST ROADS

THE stock market has two unfailing sources of anxiety, the President and the weather. Wall Street has ceased to expect much of the weather; so it has all the more leisure for worrying about the President. It thought he was going to say something about the railroads at Indianapolis on Memorial Day, and the ticker quivered in anxious expectation. When the speech got out, which happened, through a leak, ahead of time, the market decided that on the whole it was reassuring, although it had some things in it that would have seemed startling if they had been uttered by Fairbanks or Foraker.

The President said that one of the great problems of our day was to preserve the rights of property, "and these," he remarked, "can only be preserved if we remember that they are in less jeopardy from the Socialist and the Anarchist than from the predatory man of wealth." Mr. Roosevelt had given assurances on many previous occasions that his crusade against corporate abuses was not directed against honest wealth, and he took pains at Indianapolis to make it clear that he was really acting in the interests of all who had acquired property by fair means. He declared that every corporation law that had been put on the national statute books within the past six years had been a step in the right direction, that every suit undertaken during that period had been not merely warranted, but required, by the facts, that every such suit had been not only in the interest of the people, but particularly in the interest of stockholders and of business men of property, and that there could be no swerving from the course thus mapped out. "We best serve the interests of the honest railway men," he added, "when we announce that we will follow out precisely this course. It is the course of real, of ultimate conservatism."

While the President emphatically asserted the right and duty of the Government to regulate railroad capitalization, and even repeated that advocacy of a physical valuation which had so alarmed Wall Street when it thought it was meant as a basis for making rates, he took pains to explain that no existing securities were to be disturbed. In future "it should be declared contrary to public policy to allow railroads to devote their capital to anything but the transportation business, certainly not to the hazards of speculation," but that does not imply that there is much substance in "the wild talk as to the extent of the overcapitalization of our railroads." The President thinks that while there is water in spots, the railroad system of the country as a whole is worth the full face value of the paper that represents it, and even more.

Against a regulation which could be felt as a serious restraint only by dishonest or reckless financiers Mr. Roosevelt balanced a benefit whose value every railroad man could appreciate. With the understanding that the Government should first secure complete powers of regulation and control, he proposed that the law should be so amended as to permit and encourage railroads to make such traffic agreements as should be "in the interest of the general public as well as of the railroad corporations making them." These agreements, he stipulated, "should, of course, be made public in the minutest detail, and should be subject to securing the previous assent of the Interstate Commerce Commission."

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address was the adoption, in a merely incidental way, as so many of the President's most revolutionary ideas have been thrown off, of the theory that the National Government may be able to regulate railroads, not merely in interstate commerce, but within the States, by acting under the constitutional power to establish post-offices and post roads. Mr. Roosevelt's words are:

"To-day I wish to say a word to you about . . . the control of the common carriers doing an interstate business; a control absolutely vested in the nation, while in so far as the common carriers also transport the mails, it is, in my opinion, probable that whether their business is or is not interstate it is to the same extent subject to Federal control, under that clause of the Constitution granting to the National Government power to establish post roads, and therefore, by necessary implication, power to take all action necessary in order to keep them at the highest point of efficiency."

This radical aggression on the domain of the States, which, by a curious circumstance, had been urged some weeks earlier by a Southerner, Judge Farrar of Louisiana, has infinite possibilities. If it shall become our accepted doctrine, together with Secretary Root's theory that the States have no rights which the treaty-making power is bound to respect, ours will cease to be a Federal Government and will become as centralized as that of France. The States will be like French departments or Russian "governments," and the Legislatures will be Zemstvos.

Of course the scope of the post-road theory is not limited to the steam railroads within the States. Every interurban trolley line could be made a post road with equal ease and subjected to national regulation. Nor need the regulation stop with the interurban lines. It could just as well extend to municipal traction systems. Trolley cars in cities carry mails, and this fact has been made the basis for calls for Federal troops in strikes. Naturally a road traversed by a postal car is a post road. But even a postal car is not necessary to make such a road. Every country lane over which a rural mail carrier drives or might drive his cart and every street along which the city carrier walks is as much a post road as the Union Pacific. We may yet see the traction war in Cleveland settled by the operation of cars under national franchises, the inefficient Street Cleaning Department of New York taken over by the Postmaster-General in order to maintain the post roads of the metropolis "at the highest point of efficiency," and the farmers of every State hauling their crops to the nearest postal railway station over a system of national macadamized highways.

Some protests have been heard from corporation sources against this extraordinary extension of the power of Federal regulation, but the enthusiasm with which capital was preparing to rally round the States' Rights banner six months ago has been chilled by the railroad-baiting activity of Legislatures in the interval. There is now a widespread belief in financial circles that national regulation, even under a Roosevelt, would be preferable to the anti-monopoly zeal of forty-five States.

NIAGARA POWER IN CANADA

The public decides not to leave the profits of the Falls entirely to corporations



THE Government of Ontario, which from the first has displayed a keener appreciation of the business value of Niagara power than the Government of New York, has taken a new step in the direction of distributing the benefits of that power among its citizens. It has concluded a contract by which a generating company is to deliver to it 35,000 horse-power at \$10.40 per year for each. The Government is to build trunk transmission lines, or secure their construction by private capital, and send the electric current over these wires through a circuit of sixteen of the principal cities of the Province. The municipalities will arrange for its local distribution, at prices estimated at from \$16 to \$24 per horse-power per year.

With this perennial source of energy on tap, the cities of Ontario will be able to try the experiment of the municipal ownership of lighting plants and traction systems under the most favorable conditions. They are not limited to the amount of power specified in the contract. If they need more, they can get all they ask for at the same price. And if they make their enterprises successful other places may follow their example until in time every town and village in the Province is attached to the Niagara harness.

The three power companies on the Canadian side of the river have the right by their charters to develop 405,000 horse-power in all, but they have not yet come anywhere near their permitted limits. Before they do the Government may have arranged to handle their entire output. The Ontario authorities are at last beginning to pay some heed to the esthetic considerations to which they long seemed utterly blind. They are taking measures to keep the generation of power within such limits as to prevent the ruin of the scenic beauty of the Falls. The time when capitalists on either side of the river could figure complacently on piping its entire flow into their tunnels has happily passed.



THE WINE-MAKERS' REVOLT

Grape juice instead of chemicals the war-cry in southern France

THE French Government, in its character of Special Providence, has never had to face a harder task than that set for it by the enraged wine-growers of the Midi. The descendants of the Provençals who marched on Paris in the Revolution, singing their new "Marseillaise," have risen in all the fury of their southern blood to demand that the Government forthwith make the industry of viticulture profitable. The series of gigantic demonstrations held at Narbonne, at Béziers, and at Perpignan, culminated on June 2 in a gathering at Nîmes in which two hundred thousand persons

—two and a half times the entire number of men, women, and children in the town—marched in procession. These gigantic assemblages of unarmed wine-growers have been managed with wonderful order by their organizer, M. Marcelin Albert, who has suddenly developed the qualities of an extraordinary popular leader. On the appointed Sunday the embattled rustics swarm into the selected town by trains, in carts, and on foot, overflowing the stations and choking the roads. They march in an endless flood, carrying banners bearing quaint inscriptions in the Provençal dialect, of which the favorite runs: "To have so much good wine and not be able to eat bread!" They listen to fiery speeches and then quietly disperse. The troops sent to keep them in order have nothing to do, but the demonstrations produce a tremendous impression upon the authorities by the mere weight of their masses of humanity.

The wine-growers are suffering because they produce more wine than they can sell. They lay the blame on the competition of adulterated products, of wine made out of sugar and chemicals, and they demand rigorous laws suppressing such fabrications. The Government has promised to meet their desires as far as possible, but French observers outside of the disturbed districts point out that adulteration is only one of the causes for the stagnation in the southern wine industry. The growers have recklessly risked the livelihood of a whole vast section on a single crop, and that a crop whose sale depends upon the uncertainties of popular taste. The French people are drinking less wine than formerly. Many of them drink beer; others are satisfied with mineral water, or even with water unadorned. The wine-growers have sought quantity rather than quality, and now they find nobody to take their stocks off their hands. In this emergency they turn frantically to protective and inquisitorial laws. "Half of the citizens of France," protests a writer in the "Journal des Débats," "transformed into convict guards, will soon be occupied in spying upon and supervising the other half, if it still has the courage to try to work freely in a country which, if this thing keeps up, will have been turned into a sort of economic prison."

AMNESTY FOR INSURANCE CRIMES

Past offenses to be forgiven if officials will be good hereafter



It appears that insurance policy-holders will have to be satisfied with seeing a new leaf turned over in the management of the companies. For the crimes that were committed before the leaf was turned there is to be no redress. The courts of New York, which have jurisdiction over the principal offenders, have consistently laid down rules that make punishment impossible. The final stroke was the unanimous decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, handed down on May 31, annulling the conviction of George Burnham, Jr., Vice-President and counsel of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company, and granting him a new trial—thus taking him out of Sing Sing after he had actually served three months and a half of a two-year sentence. Burnham was the first insurance official convicted by District Attorney Jerome, and his case was put in the lead because it was the clearest of all. He was indicted on nine counts, but tried on only two. The essence of the charge was that he had used \$7,500 of the company's money to settle a private claim against his brother, the president. The private affairs of the Burnhams were so mixed up with the affairs of the company that it was hard to disentangle them, and as the payment of this money could be represented as necessary to relieve the Mutual Reserve of claims against itself the appellate court held that there was no evidence of larcenous intent in its use. It is obvious that proof of felonious intent sufficiently conclusive to satisfy the higher courts of New York can not be obtained until the science of mind-reading has attained a greater perfection than it has reached at present. Policy-holders must be satisfied, therefore, to see a sponge rubbed over the past, and content themselves with the hope that the new laws will be less easily evaded than the old ones.



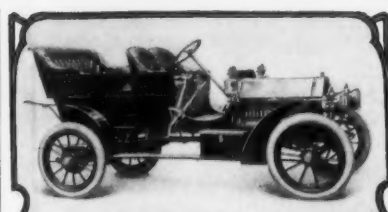
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This is a pretty good beginning, but there are some notable omissions in it. Our consuls in France report that the lack of a parcels post convention with that country, while its neighbors are provided for, seriously handicaps our French trade. Consul-General Skinner, at Marseilles, observes that it is possible to send parcels weighing from 6.61 to 11.02 pounds from France to almost every country in the world except the United States. Vice-Consul Piatti, at Nice, thinks that with a parcels post system we could soon surpass Great Britain in the profitable semi-retail trade she carries on with France through this agency. There is no imaginable reason why we should be able to exchange goods by mail with Germans or Swedes and not with Frenchmen.

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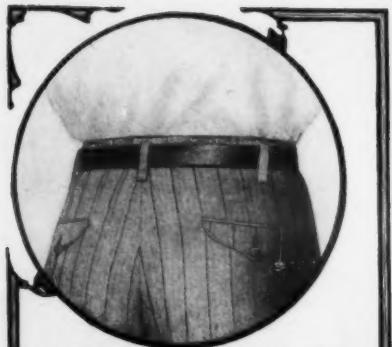
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Constructed of iron, steel and the highest grade of hard maple. It is lighter and stronger than the clumsy, complicated cars of other types. Handsomely finished in black, red and yellow. Built to withstand rigorous wear and tear. No dirty, greasy, dangerous gears or chains to soil and tear the clothes or crush the fingers. Give your child an opportunity to expand its chest, develop its lungs and grow strong and healthy. Adapted to children from two to ten years. Safe, Simple and Sensible. Price \$3.00 Guaranteed.

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changing parcels with every republic on the way with the single exception of Panama, which is almost under our flag. Panama is so nearly domestic territory that she suffers our domestic disadvantages. And then when we come to Canada we strike the same trouble again. In dealing with the Canadians we are subject to the same trammels with which we have hampered ourselves in dealing with each other. We can send an eleven-pound parcel to New Zealand for twelve cents a pound, but we can not send one of over four pounds to Canada at any price. By splitting up our eleven-pound package into three—if it is something that will stand splitting—we can send it to Canada for \$1.76; we can ship it to New Zealand in one piece for \$1.32. But the express companies will benevolently handle our Canadian business, on their own terms, just as they carry our parcels at home.



SAN FRANCISCO'S TROUBLES

Strikes, race riots, and graft checking the work of rebuilding the devastated Pacific city

SAN FRANCISCO to-day finds herself more in need of sympathy than when her people were retreating to the parks by the light of their burning homes. There was good will then, and a spirit of ambition and of mutual helpfulness that promised early healing for the city's wounds. Now hatred, strife, and corruption have kept those wounds festering, and nobody can guess how soon health will come.

According to a report recently submitted to Governor Gillett by Harbor Commissioner W. V. Stafford the labor troubles had made forty thousand persons idle. These included twelve thousand ironworkers, two thousand carmen, fifteen hundred laundry workers, and five hundred telephone girls out on strike, ten thousand men in the building trades forced out of employment by strikes, lack of material, and lack of money, four thousand street railroad laborers laid off, two thousand clerks and salesmen deprived of jobs, besides four thousand working on part time, half the restaurant workers, eight hundred and fifty of the nine hundred union musicians, and three hundred laundry wagon drivers pushed into idleness by the strike of the laundry workers. The result is that instead of two jobs for every worker, as San Francisco boasted she was offering a month before, the city had two workers for every job, and thousands of men vainly tramped the streets looking for employment.

The blame for this state of things has been generally laid upon the rapacity of the unions, but according to ex-Mayor Phelan this impression is not quite just. The extravagant wage-increases which have crippled the building industry were not initiated by the unions, but were caused by the competition of contractors who were so anxious to get their work done in a hurry that they bid against each other for workmen. This accustomed the men to standards that could not be maintained. Now that the insurance money is spent and business is getting down from a champagne to an ice-water basis the unions and the contractors are trying to agree upon a fair scale of wages. Fortunately peace has been restored in the city's greatest single industry. On May 31 an agreement was reached by which the ironworkers went back to work without any immediate change in the terms prevailing before the strike, but with a promise that the eight-hour day, for which the strike was begun, shall be granted by gradual reductions in the course of the next three years. This will allow all the idle machine shops and foundries of the city to reopen.

The disorders incident to the various strikes, with the presence of thousands of idle men on the streets and the necessity of stripping some neighborhoods of police to protect others, gave occasion for an unfortunate revival of friction with the Japanese. The trouble culminated in attacks by riotous crowds upon two Japanese restaurants and a bathhouse, with threatening demonstrations against two other restaurants. Fortunately nobody was injured, but Japanese feelings were deeply moved, both in this country and in Japan, and diplomatic representations were made which led to an urgent appeal from the Administration to Governor Gillett of California for the maintenance of order. The hoodlum outrages stirred up some of the Japanese in San Francisco to retaliation, and a crowd of them attacked two passing Americans with knives, apparently under the mistaken impression that they had been in the mobs. Both victims were badly wounded, one fatally. This was a more serious affair than any of the white attacks upon Japanese, but does not seem to have attracted any attention in Tokyo.

Meanwhile a critical stage has been reached in the fight for a clean city government. The indictment of Patrick Calhoun, the President of the United Railroads, and other corporation magnates, has arrayed vast financial interests against the men who are trying to stamp out corruption. In a public statement Mr. Francis J. Heney, the driving force of the prosecution, asserts that Mr. Calhoun has tried to enlist the principal bankers and merchants of the city in an effort to paralyze the arm of the law. Calhoun and his friends are insisting that the bribe-taking Supervisors should be punished, which would mean the escape of the bribe-giving capitalists. Mr. Heney appeals to the community to show "that no man, however wealthy, is greater than the law." "Let us prove," he concludes, "that the power of wealth can not corrupt our courts and prevent the carrying out of justice."

The reformers propose to keep the city government honest by the formation of a committee of seventy-five leading citizens which shall constitute itself something like "a perpetual grand jury." It will employ a strong force of deputies who will keep every municipal office under constant observation, reporting every irregularity. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, who has financed the prosecution of the bribers, declares that when San Francisco has a government built on the foundation of common honesty, as it will have when this plan is carried out, it will be the most desirable city in America to live in—the one with the lowest tax rate in the country, and the most attractive for investments.

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For all ages, in all climates, under all conditions, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fill every milk or cream requirement. Superior for ice cream.—Adv.

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The filler is GENUINE HAVANA (not American or Key West Havana—nor Havana Seed), but HAVANA that was grown and cured on the Island of CUBA, and the wrapper is GENUINE IMPORTED SUMATRA—a combination par-excellence.

REGNO CIGARS are really MADE TO ORDER because I make only enough each day to fill my orders, thus insuring you cigars in the most perfect condition.

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I sell for cash only, saving thereby a force of clerks and book-keeping, and give you this saving in the quality of the cigar.

I am satisfied with a reasonable profit because I want permanent customers rather than a big profit on a single order.

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I am selling my REGNO CIGARS direct from the factory to the smoker—no middleman's profit to be paid. They are put up in boxes of 50 CIGARS for \$2.00. I pay all carriage charges and I positively guarantee that if they are not as represented I will refund your money. In ordering state shade desired—Light, Dark, or Medium.

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Write for FREE Sample Bottle.

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It is second nature when thinking of watches to think of ELGIN. The name ELGIN stands for various grades of watches—varying according to the number of jewels, character of materials and workmanship entering into the construction.

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The Alloy That Makes Anti-Fatigue Steel

Ferro-VANADIUM



THE demands of modern engineering make the steel of a few years ago entirely inadequate for the requirements of today.

The strains and stresses and vibratory shocks that a locomotive, capable of whirling a heavy express train along at a hundred-mile-an-hour gait must withstand, were undreamed of by the steel makers of a generation ago.

The high grade steel of today must have not only great elastic strength, but it must be able to withstand sudden and unexpected shocks, it must not deteriorate under vibration—it must be practically unbreakable.

The steels of yesterday could not meet these requirements.

They were strong and lasting under a steady load, but were apt to go to pieces under vibration or unexpected stress.

As a result, mysterious accidents have occurred—rails have broken—vital parts of a locomotive have given way—automobiles have let down in the most unexpected places—many lives have been lost—much property has been damaged.

The steel has been at fault. It has stood up all right under severest static tests in the shop but has not had the vibratory resistance necessary to meet the demands of actual use.

Something better was needed, and Vanadium has come along to supply the need.

Vanadium has been known as a valuable alloy in steel making for many years, but the known supply has been so limited that its use has been experimental and academic rather than practical, and it is only within the last year or so that an adequate supply of Vanadium has been discovered.

The American Vanadium Company has opened up the only big deposit of pure vanadium ore that has ever been found.

It is located at the top of the Andes Mountains, 16,000 feet above the sea level, and there is enough of it actually in sight to supply the steel making industry of America for the next fifty years.

An extensive reduction plant has been erected at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Elaborate practical trials have been made in the use of the alloy under all conditions and for all purposes, and almost miraculous results have been secured.

The best chrome and nickel steels have been exceeded immeasurably in elastic limit and vibratory resistance. In fact even in the best alloy steels the strength is greatly increased by the addition of vanadium in proper proportions, and a steel is produced that will not only carry a greater load than any other steel has ever carried, but will carry it under the most drastic conditions of actual use—a steel that will not disintegrate or deteriorate under vibration—that is practically unbreakable under a steady load, or under unexpected or continuous shocks and stresses—that will meet every demand that can be made upon it by modern engineering.

It can be readily understood what all this means to the railroad man, the automobile manufacturer, the shipbuilder or to the millions of American citizens whose lives depend upon the safety of the vehicles in which they travel.

The American Vanadium Company is now prepared to furnish an absolutely pure and workable brand of Ferro-Vanadium in any quantity that may be desired, and to guarantee the permanency of the supply.

Information will be furnished cheerfully to anyone who is interested in the making or use of steel, as to just what Vanadium may be expected to do under stated conditions.

Mr. J. Kent Smith, chief metallurgist of the American Vanadium Company, has spent the last seven years of his life in the study of Vanadium as applied to Steel Making, and is prepared to give definite information as to the relative behavior of Vanadium, Chrome, Nickel, Manganese and other steels along almost any line of actual use.

An interesting booklet on Vanadium and its uses has been prepared and will be sent to all who ask for it



Cold twist—showing ductility—Elastic limit of steel 116,000 pounds per sq. in.



Cold hammer-bend—same steel as shown above



Vanadium steel axle drop forged in two heats— from same steel as shown above

AMERICAN VANADIUM COMPANY
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"MORALIZED INSURANCE"

By JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

This contribution on the necessity of furnishing to the poor a means of life insurance at reasonable cost comes from a distinguished American sociologist. Mr. Brooks some years ago was employed by the United States Government to study the methods of working men's insurance in Europe. His report is the authority on the subject. Insurance for wage-earners at a reasonable cost is provided by the system of insurance through savings banks explained by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis in Collier's some months ago. Legislation to put this system into effect is now pending in Massachusetts, and its adoption seems probable in several other States.

IN COLLIER'S some months ago Louis D. Brandeis stated the case of Wage-Earners' Insurance. Temperately and without charge of dishonest practices, he opened to the reader the ugly story of administrative expenditure in the companies which insure the poor. He showed the weight of the burden that falls upon the poor and the appalling percentage of forfeiture and lapses. For twenty years I have heard the helpless protests of charity workers against insurance. Here, if anywhere, is a competent and utterly unbiased class of witnesses. Two of our acknowledged leaders of charity organization have expressed to me their delight that the public may at last be shocked into some real sense of the situation. In the words of one of them: "We need a moral awakening about this working men's insurance quite as much as about our political evils, and far more than about the three big New York companies of which we have heard so much."

The outcry from those who work among the poor never could have been so long silenced but for the fact that the poor had no alternative if they were to be insured at all. They must be sought out, persuaded, and then incessantly followed up, however cruel an expense this entails. Here and there, with timid beginnings, groups of "Home Savers" gave unpaid service in visiting working men's families. In Cambridge last year \$22,000 was gathered, much of which was "banked."

Accidental Insurance a "Religious" Movement

EVERY visitor known to me doing this work entirely without pay has the same dread of finding the poor staggering under the burdens which these great insurance companies impose upon them. It is a story desperate with losses and baffling discouragements. As in a lottery, the companies tell you always of the fraction that wins, but are silent about the great multitude that lose.

Note that this protest of home savers and charity visitors is at heart a moral one. It is a protest issuing from long-observed results of social waste and disheartening, yet it was this vital and determining social feature which was excluded from the Armstrong investigation. That Committee found charges serious enough without touching the far graver aspects that appeal to the sociologist.

The very nature even of commercial insurance has in it a profound moral element. A system under which the veiled misfortunes of life are so guarded against that the blow when it comes is deflected and falls also on the strong and the lucky is applied morality. The more conscious this becomes in the whole body of the insured, the more complete is the moralization of the insurance system. The time is perhaps at hand when most men will feel insulted by any agent who asks them to take advantage of such lapses and forfeitures of the poor as have fattened many of the great companies.

At the recent gathering in Boston to consider the scheme of Mr. Brandeis, every speech had in it a distinctly moral note. It was a banker who spoke of it as a "religious" movement. A German professor of chemistry in 1848 made long journeys among manufacturing centres in the interest of technical science. He was so moved by the condition of the workers and their families that he gave himself exclusively to economic and social studies. We thus owe to Professor Winkelblech the first large statement of working men's insurance freed from exploitation and based on organized justice to the poor. Here is the root from which the present German labor insurance springs. Under it at the present moment nearly fifteen millions of workers are insured against every variety of misfortune connected with industrial life. Since 1883 it has in whole or in part passed to nine other countries. Important parts of it are at the present moment among the immediate proposals of the English and French Prime Ministers.

I am not here arguing for Government insurance in the United States. Our own immediate work is to extend and strengthen voluntary associations. My reference to the large schemes in other countries is to show how working men's insurance (instead of being exclusively a money-making device plus dangerous speculative ventures) has become an agency for teaching and practising social morals, and this on a scale unmatched in the whole order of "social remedies." There is nowhere a more impressive or more fascinating study in applied ethics.

When the first thorough investigations began in Germany in the early seventies, the tendency was to fix the fault for industrial accident or illness too exclusively upon the individual. We in the United States now do this under our Employers' Liability Acts with an injustice so gross as to subject us to censure at every International Congress on these subjects.

Can Stand the "Agitator" But Not Facts

THE second stage reached was the frank admission of responsibility fixed upon the industry as a whole. It is under this "trade responsibility" that employers now insure themselves in at least six countries. It is thus that the iron industry pays the whole bill for the crippled workers precisely as it pays any other element of costs. The theory on which this rests is that the general body of consumers should finally bear the expense of all these misfortunes in the price of the product. That President Roosevelt should accept and urge this principle in his recent message may mark a red-letter day in our history. We thus reach the third term: Social responsibility as distinct from individual and trade responsibility. The recent English Working Man's Compensation Act recognizes frankly "trade responsibility," and no more valuable statistics have yet been reached than those which distinguish—after twenty years' experience—between the fault of the individual and the fault of the employer, as one may now see under the German Working Men's Insurance.

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try individual fault is a far smaller factor than had been believed. In every country the number of accidents is from three to four times greater than the first estimates.

These were the first facts which aroused general sympathy and attention. But far more appealing to this sympathy was the disclosure that thousands of workers were earning their livelihood in occupations that were eight and ten times more open to sickness and accident than other occupations in which the wages were practically the same. What would the reader of this article say if, as a parent, he were asked to put his son or daughter to work at a trade in which the risks of being maimed were eight or ten times as frequent as in other accessible occupations, and yet receive no higher compensation? Any parent who consciously did this would be a monster of cruelty, and yet this is precisely what society is doing on an immense scale in the United States.

Facts like these are now systematically taught in Germany to the people at large.

To base insurance on varying degrees of risk became inevitable, and it has been worked out with results that make it possible to see what social responsibility means, and how that responsibility may embody itself in a decent insurance. Again, when in specific industries we see the ratio of accidents increasing after the tenth working hour, its only conceivable meaning is that the hours are too long. "We can stand against the agitator," says a German employer, "but not against an argument like that."

Sick Clubs Build Their Own Hospitals

OR it may be a collected average of five years' "minor accidents" which were formerly wholly neglected. Under this new experience it is found that if the best scientific attention is at once given to these smaller cuts and sprains, the saving in actual labor force more than justifies, from the social point of view, every cent of the costs.

Thus (as a vital part of this Working Men's Insurance) has sprung up a vast network of "healing institutions." Sick clubs build and own their own hospitals and convalescent homes. At Leipzig is a home for an insured group of 133,000 workers, which won the gold prize at Paris in 1900.

As a part of their own proper work, a definite propaganda is now carried on against drinking; for improved tenements and better methods of sanitation; for the systematic spread of hygienic education, and for popular exhibitions to show models for preventing accidents. At a recent exhibition in Berlin, one Employers' Association showed that the accidents (per ten thousand workers) had been brought down from 22.08 in 1892 to 7.98 in 1901.

The number of sanatoria connected with this insurance has reached one hundred. There are now beds at any time for 50,000 consumptives. Workmen are regularly examined, and at the first sign of tuberculosis they are sent to these institutions and kept—not a month or any foreordained time, but until they are cured, if cure is possible.

We can not at present adopt the German scheme. Its effective administration is beyond the political habits we have thus far formed. I believe, however, the prophecy is a safe one that during the next severe business depression the cry will go up in this country for one part of Working Men's Insurance, namely, that for wage-earners who have reached the age of sixty-five.

German labor insurance and that of other countries which have followed her do for us one supreme service: they show what a socially moralized insurance means and what it may accomplish. They show how a just and humane system reacts upon the whole network of "welfare institutions." There is not one of them that is not braced and lifted to higher and more effective standards.

Savings Banks Take up the Work

THE selected illustrations which I have given show the new spirit of social response which insurance highly and honorably conceived may create in any people. To use Working Men's Insurance solely as a money-making device, with little or no thought of the human destinies bound up in it, is grievously to degrade it. It is at least with this larger purpose that the new league in Massachusetts begins its work. It will ask for permissive legislation to allow savings banks to take up this work. That three reputable banks should at once respond; that private citizens were quick to offer money for a guarantee fund, if such prove necessary, brings the first encouragement. Those who have this new proposal in hand are under no illusion that a large part of the poor who are insured by house to house visiting will themselves go to these banks. It is understood that supplementary agencies must be devised to reach this more helpless class. For this more difficult task, however, some hopeful proposals from field workers among the poor have already been made.

* * *

SARRAS

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

THIS morning Sarra City lay
On eastern mountains, flushed and dim;
(It fled before the sun's red rim,
But it was there at break of day.)

I dreamed of it, while all day long
I plodded through the sunlit ways,
But saw it not in noontide haze;
(The wood thrush named it in his song.)

This evening Sarra City glows
Along an edge of western sea:
What boat shall bear me unto thee
Before thy flaming portals close!



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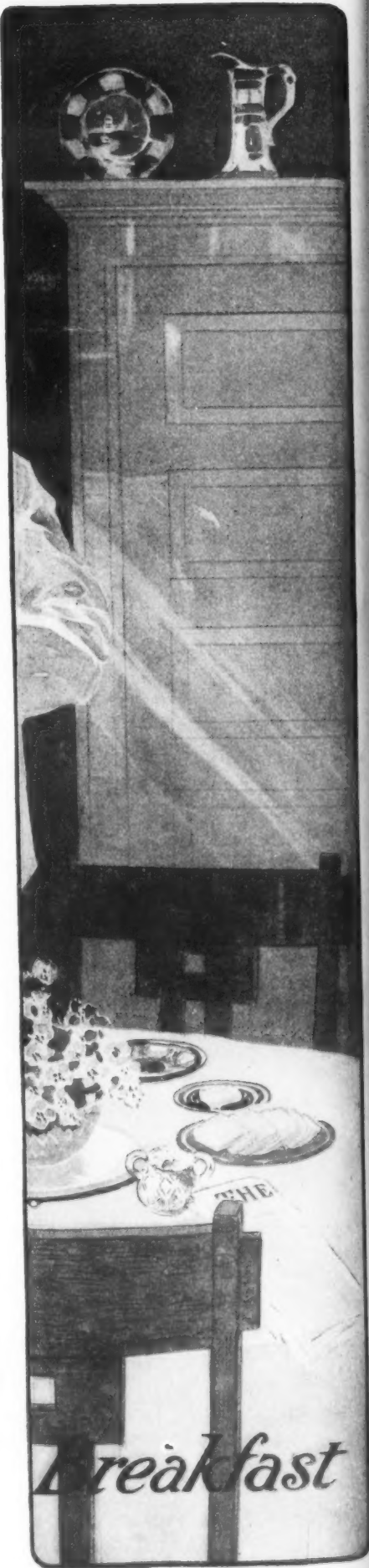
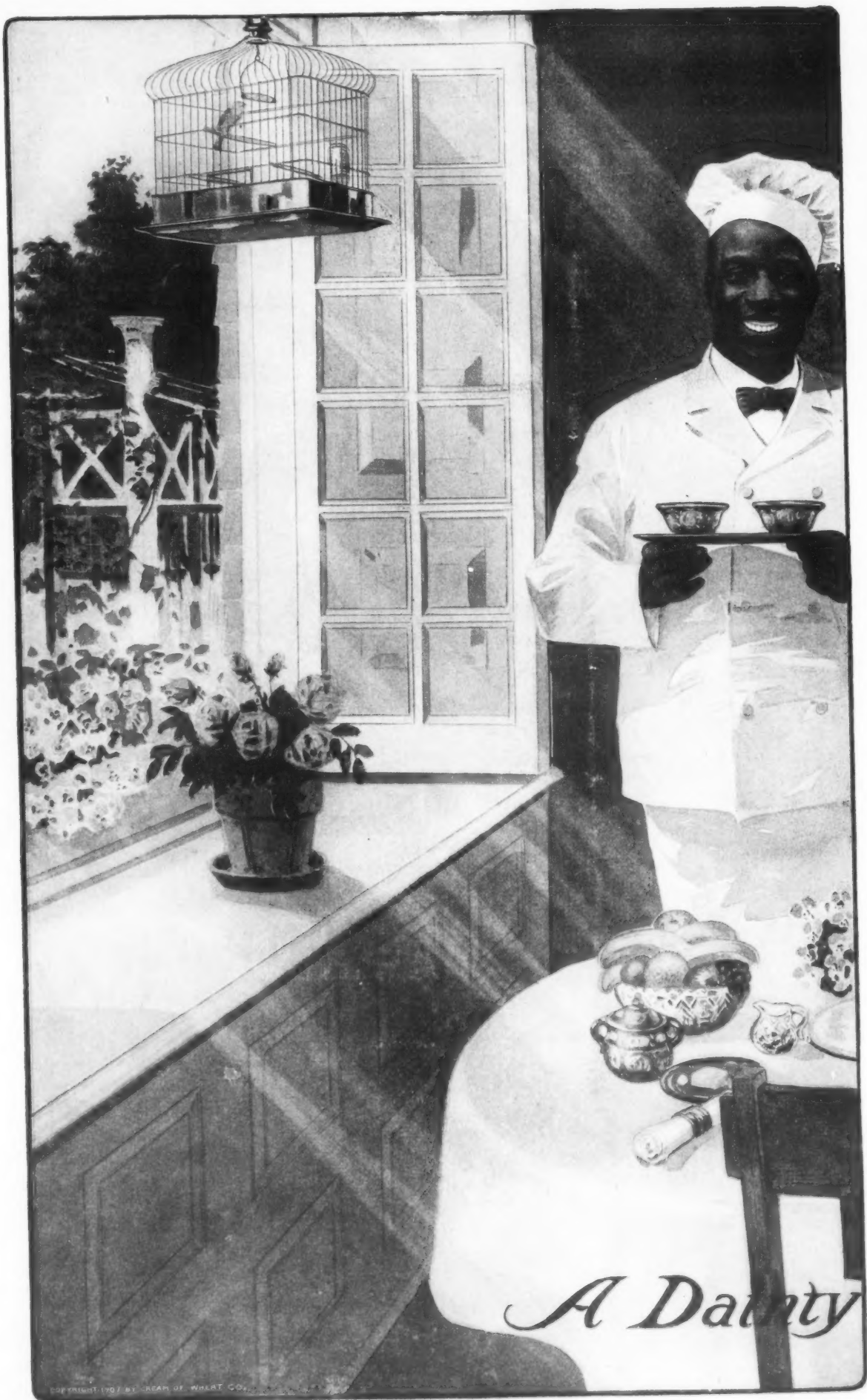
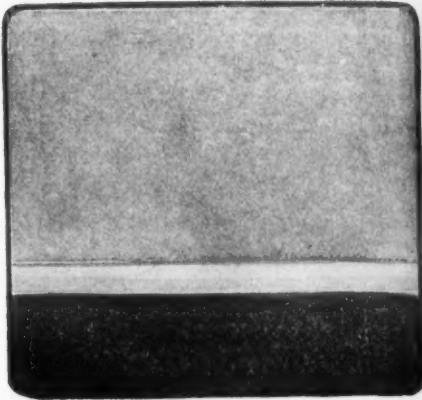
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